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SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1927.

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A LEADER OF NEW CHINA VISITS OLD CHINESE MONUMENTS: GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK (CENTRE)
AT THE GATEWAY OF THE MING TOMBS AT NANKING, WITH TWO OF HIS GUARDS.

General Chiang Kai-shek is the young Chinese Nationalist leader who, after separating from his former allies, the Communists of Hankow, set up a government of his own at Nanking, and has since been advancing northward towards Peking, with varying success. As noted on page 281, he is said to have been making overtures to the Peking government, with a view to an

agreement. It was reported on August 5 that regular delegates were holding a conference near Nanking. On the 7th the Peking correspondent of the "Times" said: "If Chiang Kai-shek is finally defeated north of the Yangtze, great changes may be anticipated, involving declarations of independence by various commanders and a general reversion to the militarism of the past."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE way in which the word "Victorian" is thrown about just now is very queer. It is not a question of praise or blame, but of bare fact and reason. I should not especially object if anybody called me a Victorian, though, as a matter of fact, I have been a very Anti-Victorian Victorian. I have filled most of my days, and even many of these articles, with abuse of the very things that really were Victorian—that really were the special stamp and mark of England under Queen Victoria. They were, for instance, industrialism, rationalism, the worship of Germany, the worship of Darwin, the legend of the Anglo-Saxon race or the concentration on the British Empire. On the other hand, I not only find many real Victorian virtues reviled, but I find many virtues reviled as Victorian which were not Victorian in the least. For instance, I find some people so astonishingly ignorant as to class theology or religious dogma as survivals of "Victorian" England, of which by far the most unmistakable mark was that general recognition of doubt and agnosticism, expressed vigorously in Huxley or gracefully in Matthew Arnold. It marked Queen Victoria herself, and it may perhaps be admitted that Victoria was a Victorian. Needless to say, it marked her Poet Laureate and all her favourite preachers and private chaplains. It was emphatically not the age of religious dogma, but of religious doubt. That is why the Dean of St. Paul's is so fond of it.

But we need not discuss that aspect here—indeed, that aspect is entirely altered. There is far less doubt to-day; men are on one side or the other. But when it comes to general literary and social criticism, in connection with that last two-thirds of the nineteenth century, I come upon the oddest comments. The cleverest people say the strangest things—in fact, with all respect to their cleverness, the stupidest things. In a symposium in the *American Bookman*, for example, I find a very acute American lady writing like this: "After an American child has been told that 'The House of the Seven Gables' and 'David Copperfield' and 'Adam Bede' are great novels, he naturally grows up with a strange conviction—the conviction that a great novel is necessarily a dull, long, solemn novel." This observation is funny enough as it stands; but the fun becomes fast and furious when we observe that elsewhere this symposium is largely devoted to the glorification of Mr. Theodore Dreiser, who generally tosses off a little story about as long as the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Even his admirers admit that his style, considered as a style, is dull; and nobody can doubt that the spirit of his story is solemn, not to say sullen. Side by side with laudations of the Dreiser novel as the New American Fiction, does not that sneer at the nineteenth-century novel seem a little quaint? "David Copperfield" is certainly a long novel, though not so long as a short story by Mr. Dreiser. Even the separate story of Mr. Wilkins Micawber is long—would it were longer! There may be crawling about the earth poor blinded and blasted beings to whom the story of Micawber is an entirely dull story. But surely even they would hardly maintain that it is an entirely solemn story.

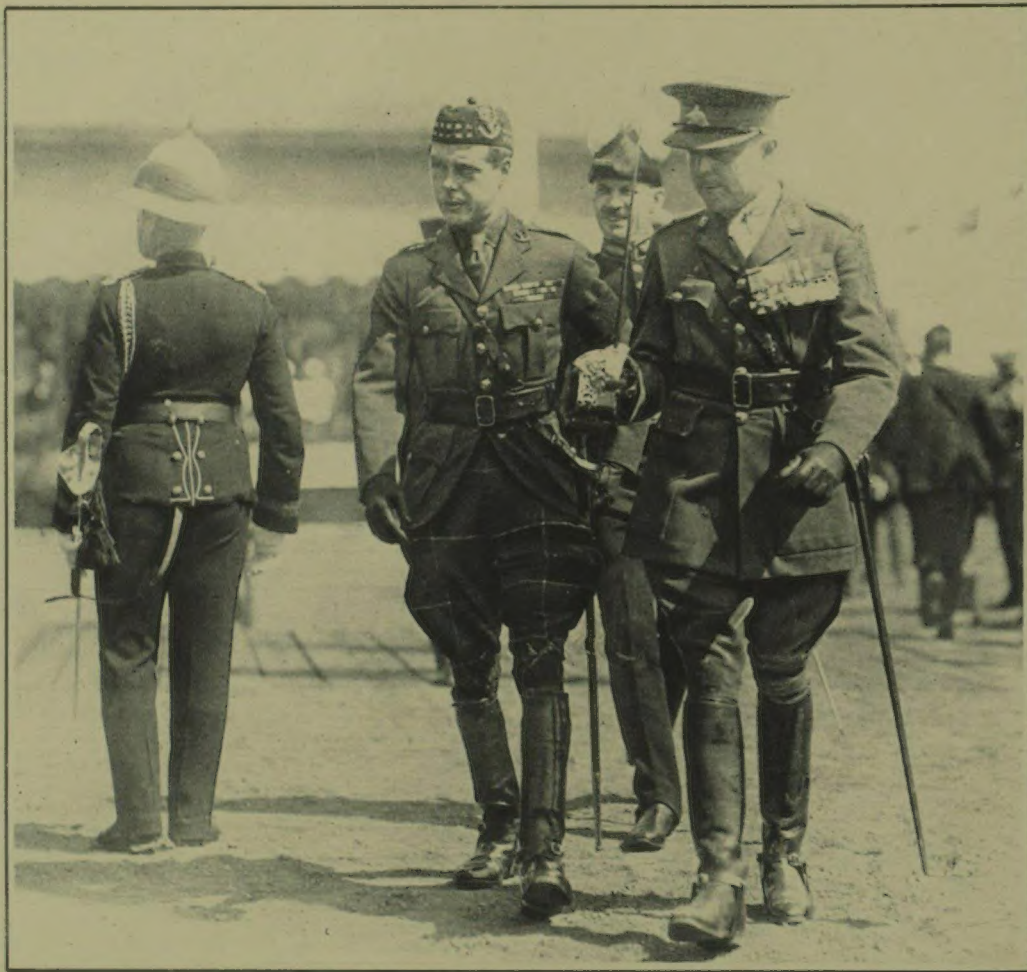
The critic I have quoted said that the American child grew up "with a strange conviction" that a great novel must be dull and long and solemn. To exalt Mr. Dreiser as the greatest novelist hardly seems calculated to weaken this strange conviction. But certainly this conviction that Dickens is dull and Dreiser amusing seems to me a very strange conviction indeed. As for the matter of size, it is not a very subtle mode of literary criticism, but such mass and weight, to say the least of it, are not exactly peculiar to the old masters of Victorian fiction. Mr. David Copperfield hardly tells his life-story at greater length than Mr. William Clissold. On the whole, Mr. David Copperfield shows, rather more than the moderns, an interest in other people besides Mr. David Copperfield. It is true that he observes a Victorian

is when we come to that last element, the note of despair, that we begin to have a guess at what the lady really means. She herself does not profess to be one of the worshippers of Mr. Dreiser—at least, she does not mention his name; but her favourite American author, Mr. James Branch Cabell, is commended for a cause which I find rather interesting in this connection. She says, "I think his politely cynical attitude is the only civilised attitude towards life." Mr. Dreiser, I imagine, is not politely cynical. Mr. Dreiser is cynical without being polite. What is perhaps a greater defect in literature, Mr. Dreiser is cynical without being witty. But though I imagine there is not much in common between Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Cabell, I take it that the link here is in a certain orthodox and respectable dreariness about existence and the nature of things; and a consequent sense of superiority to all those dull, long, and solemn novels that arose out of an interest in human beings and a cheerful curiosity about to-morrow morning. The only civilised attitude towards life must not be contaminated by either faith, hope, or charity.

There was a time when I could argue with pessimists and sceptics of that breed. I could write whole books to dissuade one decadent from decaying; and I might have attacked the highest and hardest adventures—that of cheering Mr. Dreiser up, or even of reading all his works in detail. But I fancy that the fight to-day is on a higher plane than that of mere depression; and I will confine myself on this occasion to quoting the words of a better writer than myself, even if I hardly make them better by quoting them wrong. For the truth is that I quote them from memory, and the excuse is that their sense and meaning at least I shall hold in memory for ever. M. Paul Claudel, the French poet, in writing to a French Freethinker, spoke with a splendid scorn of a remark of Renan, "Perhaps, after all, the truth is depressing," and appended to it some such words as these: "When I read that, I was not even a Christian myself; but I knew such divine documents as the Ninth Symphony and the Chorus of Sophocles; and I knew that a positive, passionate, living, and everlasting joy is the only reality."

"A politely cynical attitude is the only civilised attitude to—"

wards life." To say exactly what I think about that I am satisfied to borrow the scorn of a great poet, and the scorn of all the great poets and great prophets and great makers or martyrs from the beginning of time: from the scorn of Homer for the elegant suitors carousing on another man's wine to the scorn of Dante for those cold and colourless spirits who neither fell nor kept their first estate, "but for themselves were only." The realistic pessimist, in the manner of Mr. Dreiser, may go through life with laborious slowness and find nothing in it, and announce the nothing in two hundred thousand words. The polite cynic, the only representative of civilisation, may glance over life rapidly and feel so convinced that there is nothing in it that he need not even look inside to see. And these two happy beings may combine to save the world from the sad burden of long and solemn books and the agonies of reading about Mr. Micawber. But I shall continue to think that even Micawber, let alone Dickens, was rather nearer to the Only Reality.



THE PRINCE OF WALES CROSSING THE WHARF AT QUEBEC AFTER LANDING FROM THE "EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA": AN INCIDENT OF HIS RECENT ARRIVAL IN CANADA WITH PRINCE GEORGE AND MR. AND MRS. BALDWIN

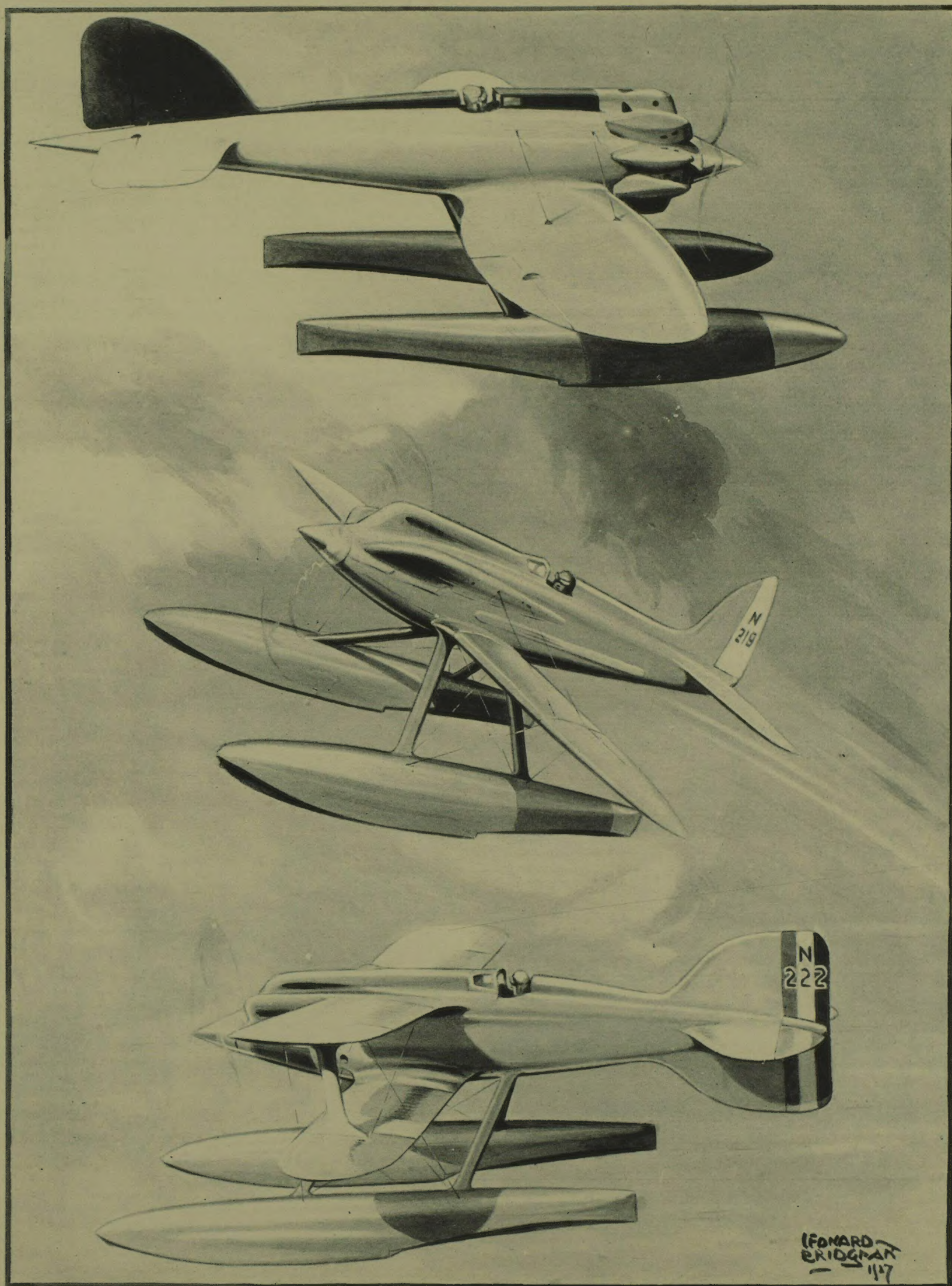
The Prince of Wales and Prince George, with the Prime Minister and Mrs. Baldwin, arrived at Quebec, in the "Empress of Australia," on July 31, and came ashore in the Canadian Government vessel "Lady Grey." The Prince, who was in the uniform of the Seaforth Highlanders, inspected a Guard of Honour mounted by his own regiment, the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada. The party has since visited Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto, and on August 7 the Prince and the Premier took part in the dedication of the Peace Bridge over the Niagara River, between Canada and the United States, the principal occasion of their tour.

reticence on some matters on which the moderns show a somewhat facile and fluid garrulity. But the addition of pages and pages about all sorts of wild and inconsequent love affairs, whatever their charm to the refined critic, can hardly be said in themselves to make the novels shorter. The long novels do not lose in longitude because they gain in latitude.

The truth of the matter is, of course, that the lady critic in question simply wanted to sling some sort of scornful allusion at the books read by her aunts and uncles; and to score off those antiquated tomes, first by not reading them, and then by describing what she had not read. She thought that "long" and "dull" and "solemn" were the customary and conventional terms to apply to the old fiction; and did not deign to notice that the new fiction is a great deal longer, to many of us a great deal duller, and certainly filled with a sorrow that is far past solemnity and loses itself in despair. And it

BRITAIN AND THE SCHNEIDER CUP: NEW TYPES OF R.A.F. SEAPLANES.

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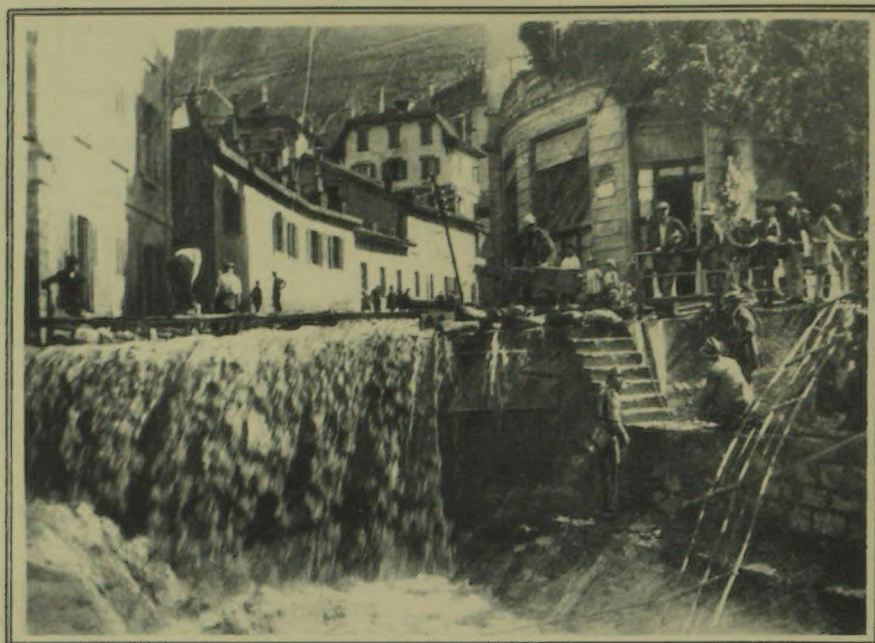


THREE NEW TYPES OF BRITISH MACHINES SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE 1927 SCHNEIDER TROPHY RACE AT VENICE : (FROM TOP TO BOTTOM) THE SHORT BRISTOL "CRUSADER" ; SUPERMARINE NAPIER S.5 ; AND GLOSTER NAPIER IV.

Great Britain will be represented in the 1927 Schneider Trophy Competition, to be held in Venice on September 25, by a team of three racing seaplanes. Seven machines of three different types have been built, from which the three best will be chosen. These types are (as shown in the above drawing, from top to bottom): the Short Bristol "Crusader," the Supermarine Napier S.5, and the Gloster Napier IV. The machines will be flown by a picked team of R.A.F. pilots, who have been in training in the recently formed high-speed flight at the Marine and Armament Experimental Establishment,

Felixstowe. It is not permissible to state the horse-power developed by the engines, or to disclose the speeds attained by the machines in practice, but it can be safely assumed that all the above machines are capable of an extremely high performance. The Schneider competition includes navigability, taxi-ing and mooring tests, and finally a high-speed race over a triangular course for a distance of 350 kilometres. Last year's race, it may be recalled, was won by Major Mario di Bernardi on a Macchi 39 seaplane at an average speed of 246.496 m.p.h.

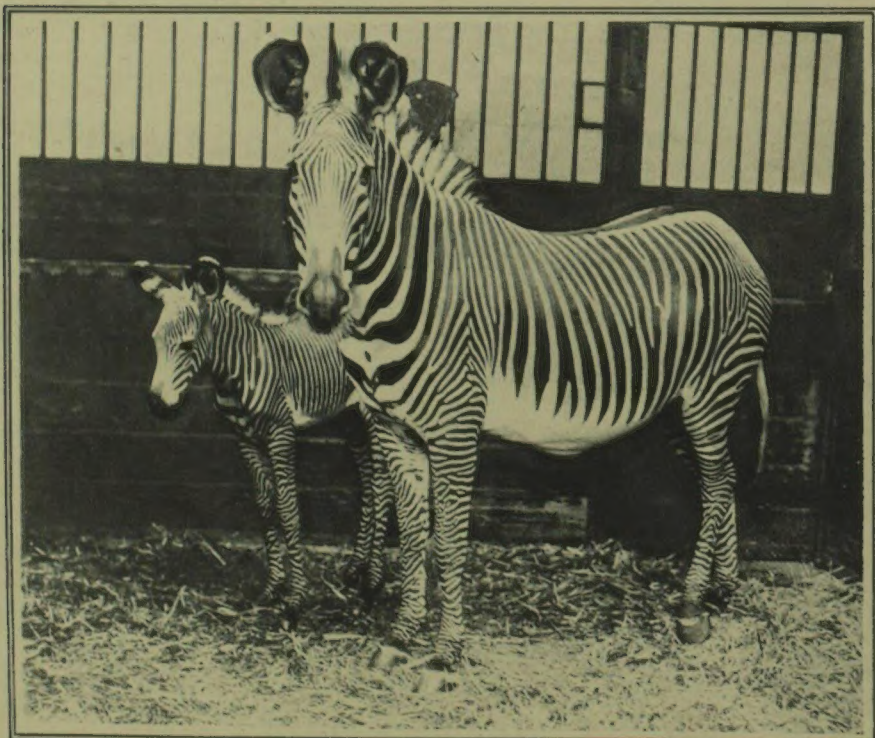
NOTABLE HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD: NEWS IN PICTURES.



AFTER THE HEAVIEST THUNDERSTORM IN SWITZERLAND FOR FIFTY YEARS: FLOOD-WATER POURING THROUGH THE STREETS AT MONTREUX AND DESCENDING IN A CATARACT



THE PRESERVATION OF STONEHENGE FROM BUILDING ENCROACHMENTS AND UNSIGHTLY SURROUNDINGS: A SKY-LINE VIEW OF THE FAMOUS PREHISTORIC MONUMENT.

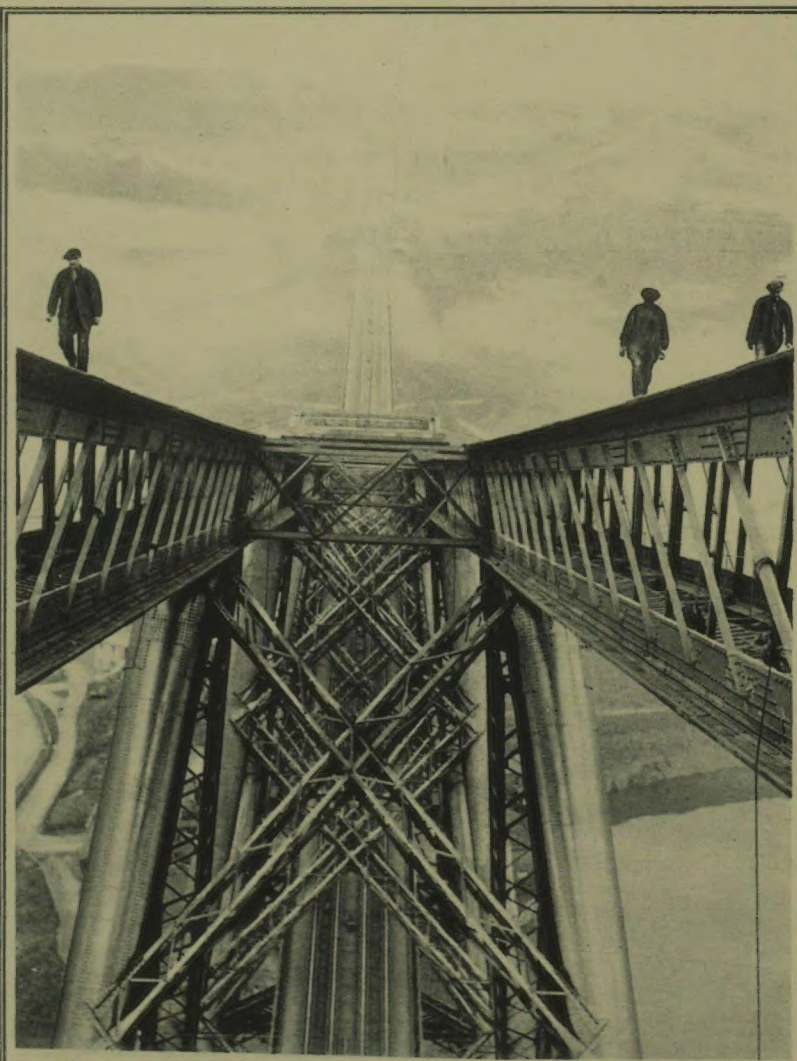


AN INTERESTING NEW ARRIVAL AT THE "ZOO": THE FIRST BABY GREVY ZEBRA BORN IN THE GARDENS FOR MANY YEARS, WITH ITS MOTHER.

A terrific thunderstorm—the most violent recorded in Switzerland for fifty years—did great damage on August 3 in the Cantons of Berne and Vaud. The district of Montreux, on the Lake of Geneva, was deluged by a waterspout which broke on the Rochers de Naye, above Territet. Torrents from the hills brought down mud, stones, and fallen trees into the streets of Montreux, where the damage was estimated at £120,000.—An urgent appeal was lately issued by the Stonehenge Protection Committee for £35,000 to purchase an area of 1444 acres surrounding the monument, which is in danger of becoming the centre of a new bungalow town, and is already neighboured by unsightly buildings, including derelict aerodrome sheds. The appeal is supported by (among others) the Prime



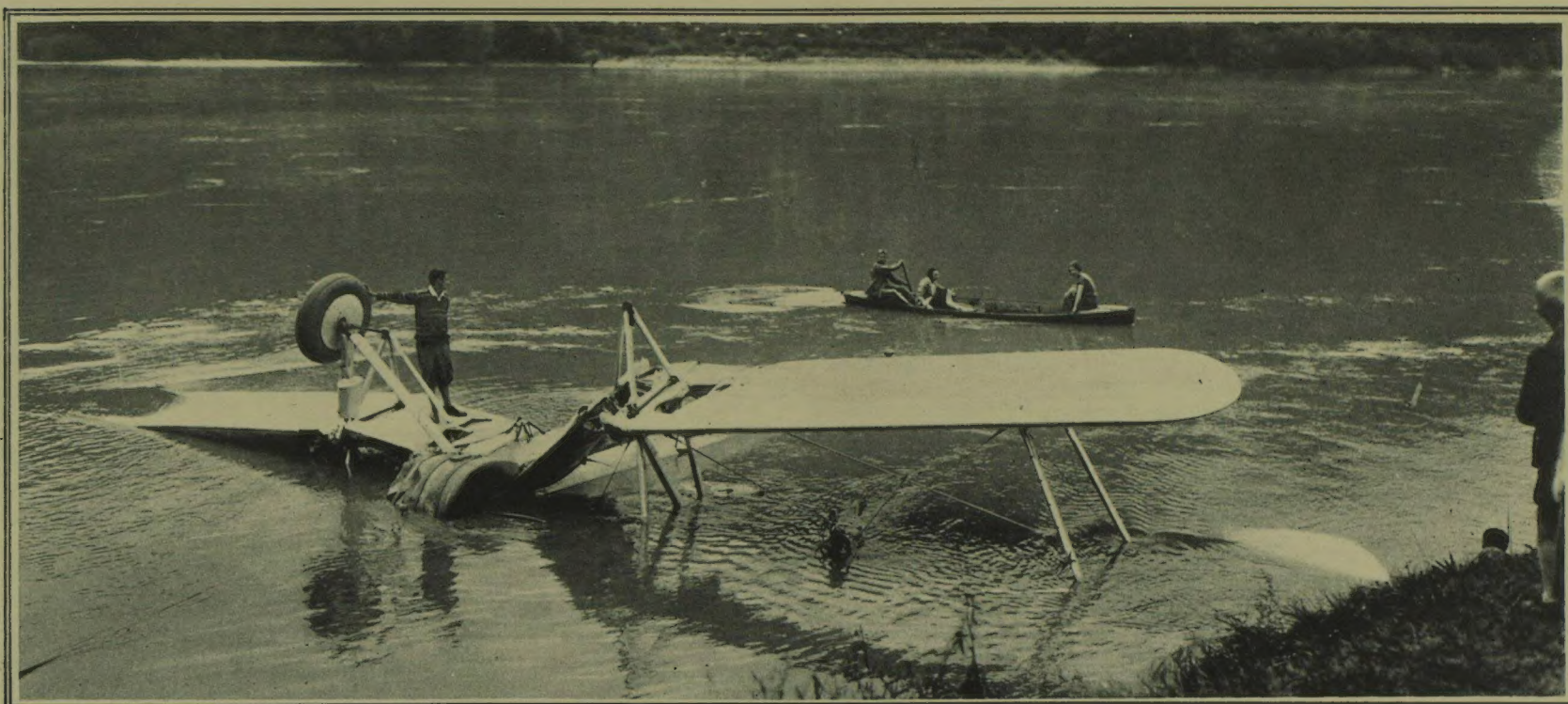
A GREAT PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES: LIVERPOOL PILGRIMS LEADING THE PROCESSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT INTO THE SQUARE READY FOR THE BLESSING OF THE SICK.



"STEEPLE-JACK" PAINTERS ON TOP OF THE FORTH BRIDGE: WALKING CALMLY ALONG 3-FT. WIDE GIRDERS AT A HEIGHT OF SOME 360 FT. ABOVE THE RIVER.

Minister, Viscount Grey, Lord Crawford, and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald.—Among many interesting births that have recently occurred at the "Zoo," an especially welcome arrival is the foal of a Grevy zebra, the largest and finest species of these beautiful animals.—Lourdes has of late been crowded with pilgrims from many parts of the world, including a number from Liverpool. Nearly a thousand invalids and cripples were ranged round the square in hope of a cure.—The task of painting the Forth Bridge never ends. It takes three years, and, when completed, is immediately begun again. The bridge is made almost entirely of steel, and the surfaces to be painted total 135 acres. Some "steeple-jack" painters, as they are called, have worked on the task since the bridge was opened in 1890.

"CRASHES": AN AEROPLANE IN THE DANUBE; THE CITY COLLAPSE.



THE END OF THE THIRD ATTEMPT TO MAKE A "RECORD" NON-STOP FLIGHT TO INDIA: WRECKAGE OF THE HAWKER-HORSLEY BOMBER IN THE DANUBE NEAR ASCHACH, UPPER AUSTRIA, AFTER A FORCED DESCENT (HAPPILY NOT FATAL) OWING TO AN OVER-HEATED ENGINE IN ABNORMALLY HOT WEATHER.



A GREAT COLLAPSE IN THE HEART OF THE CITY, CLOSE TO THE ROYAL EXCHANGE (LEFT), CAUSING FEARS FOR ITS SAFETY: THE SHORN SIDE OF THE COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING (LEFT BACKGROUND), ONE END OF WHICH CRASHED INTO CORNHILL AND AN EXCAVATED SITE ADJOINING.

Two kinds of "crashes" are here illustrated. The upper photograph shows the wreckage of the aeroplane in which Flight-Lieut. C. R. Carr and Flying Officer E. C. Dearth were attempting another "record" non-stop flight to the East. They left Cranwell on August 2, and the next day (the hottest in Austria for years) had to come down in the Danube at Sommerberg, near Aschach, owing to the engine being over-heated. Lieut. Carr escaped with bruises, but Lieut. Dearth was badly hurt internally, and it was some days before he could be removed to Vienna.—At midnight on Saturday, August 6, the whole of one side of the Commercial Union Assurance Company's six-storey building in Cornhill, facing the Royal Exchange, collapsed and fell, partly into the street,

and partly into an adjoining excavation on the site of new premises for Lloyds Bank. Fortunately, workmen engaged on this site discovered signs of an impending fall, and warned the caretaker of the insurance offices, who escaped with his family in time. The police were informed, and traffic was stopped in Cornhill, while other approaches were roped off. The collapse, therefore, caused no loss of life, and, luckily, it did not bring down the huge crane on the timber structure close by. Fire-engines arrived, but there was no outbreak. A crack occurred in the roadway of Cornhill, but it was stated on August 8 that there did not appear to be any positive danger to the Royal Exchange "at the moment." The cavity under the road is illustrated on page 268.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. JOSEPH O'MARA.

(Died, Aug. 5.) Irish operatic tenor. Sang in Sullivan's "Ivanhoe," 1891. Was principal tenor in the Moody-Manners Opera Company, and in 1912 founded the O'Mara Opera Company.



SIR GEORGE LEWIS, BT.

Killed by a train in Switzerland on August 8. Head of the well-known firm of Solicitors, Lewis and Lewis. Son of the first Baronet.



VISCOUNT DEERHURST.

(Died, Aug. 9, aged 61.) Eldest son and heir to the venerable Earl of Coventry, who is still living. Prominent in public life of Worcestershire.



GENERAL LEONARD WOOD.

(Died, Aug. 7.) Famous American soldier and colonial administrator. Governor-General of the Philippines since 1921.



MR. JOHN DILLON.

(Died, Aug. 4, aged 76.) Veteran Irish Nationalist leader. Born 1851. M.P. for Co. Tipperary, 1880-83, and for Co. Mayo (East), 1885-1918.



THE TRIUMPHANT HOME-COMING OF THE YOUNG CHANNEL SWIMMER, MR. E. H. TEMME (BEING "SHOULDERED" IN LEFT FOREGROUND): SCENES OF WILD ENTHUSIASM OUTSIDE HIS HOME IN CANNING TOWN.



A LONDON CLERK SWIMS THE CHANNEL: MR. E. H. TEMME AFTER LEAVING THE WATER NEAR DOVER; WITH HIS TRAINER, MR. T. W. BURGESS (RIGHT), WHO SWAM THE CHANNEL IN 1911.

MR. HUGH GIBSON
(UNITED STATES).VISCOUNT CECIL
(GREAT BRITAIN).VISCOUNT SAITO
(JAPAN).VISCOUNT ISHII
(JAPAN).REAR-ADMIRAL HILARY P. JONES
(UNITED STATES).MR. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, FIRST LORD
OF THE ADMIRALTY (GREAT BRITAIN).

THE "BIG SIX" OF THE ADJOURNED NAVAL LIMITATION CONFERENCE AT GENEVA: PORTRAITS OF THE LEADING REPRESENTATIVES OF GREAT BRITAIN, THE UNITED STATES, AND JAPAN.

Mr. Joseph O'Mara was a native of Limerick, and as a boy sang in the choir at St. Michael's there. Later he studied in Italy.—Viscount Deerhurst's death is the third instance of an heir to the earldom of Coventry predeceasing his father. He was a Deputy-Lieutenant and Magistrate for Worcestershire.—General Leonard Wood was regarded as America's greatest Colonial administrator, as well as a soldier of high ability. The efficiency of the American forces in the war was largely due to him.—Mr. John Dillon was one of the best-known of the "old guard" of Irish Nationalists. At the General Election after the war, however, he lost his seat and disappeared from public life.—Mr. E. H. Temme, who is

twenty-three, swam the Channel on August 5, from Cap Grisnez to Lydden Spout, two miles west of Dover, in 14 hours 29 minutes. He is on the staff of the Cornhill Insurance Company, and is captain of the Cornhill Swimming Club and a member of Lloyds' Swimming Club. His progress across the Channel was reported to Lloyds at intervals, and on his landing the Lutine Bell was sounded and the news was announced by the Crier.—The Naval Limitation Conference at Geneva failed to reach agreement, and at the last plenary session on August 4 adjourned the negotiations, recommending that the Conference for the revision of the Washington Treaty should be convened before 1931, the date arranged.

VESUVIUS ACTIVE AGAIN: THE LAVA STREAM, AND NEW CAVITIES.



A STREAM OF FIERY LAVA (SEEN IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND) FLOWING OVER THE LIP OF THE CRATER INTO THE VALLE DELL' INFERNO: THE SECOND PHASE OF THE RECENT ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.



NEW CAVITIES AMONG THE LAVA FORMATIONS, FROM WHICH FRESH FLOODS OF LAVA WERE LATELY EJECTED: THE INTERIOR OF THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS (ON THE NORTH-EAST SIDE) AFTER THE RECENT ERUPTION.

After having been comparatively quiet for eight months, Vesuvius suddenly broke into great activity at the end of July. The western side of the eruptive cone burst, and a stream of molten lava poured down, destroying the north-east observatory and the wooden steps used by the guides when descending near the crater. Professor Malladra, the Director of the Vesuvius Observatory, calculated that about 2,000,000 cubic metres of lava were ejected in sixteen hours. There was a series of internal explosions, which threw incandescent stones to a great height, providing a wonderful spectacle at night, watched by hundreds of tourists. A message of August 1 stated that, after a lull,

there had been a sudden recrudescence of the eruption, and a new stream of lava had begun to flow down, finding its way into the Infernal Valley. The lava moved in the direction of the village of Terzigno, but its advance was fortunately slow. The internal explosions at the same time became more violent. They were accompanied by deep rumblings, and the slopes of the volcano were covered with cinders and incandescent stones. Tourists were forbidden to approach the summit, on account of the dense and sulphureous gases. Professor Malladra expressed the opinion that the eruption might last a little longer, but he did not think the neighbouring villages were in any real danger.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NEW books are as the sands of the seashore for multitude—a simile which just now I can appreciate, both as regards the sands and the books. Though at the moment I would rather sit idly on the beach, watching the children busy with their sand castles, duty bids me build my transient walls of words, soon likewise to be washed away by “the forward-flowing tide of time.”

One book on my list requires something more than cursory mention, namely, “MY WORKING LIFE.” By Colonel Lord Sydenham of Combe, G.C.S.I., F.R.S., etc. With Illustrations (Murray; 21s.). Lord Sydenham—formerly known as Sir George Clarke, has had a varied and eventful career, and as an autobiography his book is of high value and importance. His experiences, too many to enumerate here, have taken him to many parts of the world. He is perhaps best known for his work as Governor of Bombay, from 1907 to 1913. Previously (1901-3) he had been Governor of Victoria. He was a member of the first Imperial Conference, and has taken an active part, both officially and as a writer, in matters of imperial defence, the protection of the Colonies, and the organisation of the War Office, the Ordnance factories, and the military forces of the Empire.

The recent death of Brigadier-General R. E. H. Dyer lends especial interest to Lord Sydenham's account of the Punjab rising in 1919. “The rebellion,” he says, “was far better planned than the Great Mutiny. . . . General Dyer's stern action at Amritsar, taken after three warnings, saved many thousands of Indian and British lives and broke the ‘rebellion.’ . . . Prompt inquiry would have brought a crowd of Indian witnesses to testify to the emergency and to bless our authorities in the Punjab. But politics supervened, and the Hunter Commission began its imperfect investigations seven months after the event, by which time propaganda here and in India had done deadly work. The result was the greatest travesty of British justice in my lifetime. . . . The men who saved North-Western India and much more were treated as defendants.” Having summarised subsequent stages in the controversy, Lord Sydenham adds: “I felt it an honour to present to the General on April 8, 1921, a Memorial signed by the British women in India, who well understood what they owed to him.”

As a student of world politics Lord Sydenham does not prophesy smooth things, and he utters a grave warning on the menace of Bolshevism. “World conditions,” he concludes, “clearly indicate that our modern civilisation is in danger. . . . I have lived to see the zenith of the British peoples when fighting for life as one united nation in the Great War. Since 1918, I have painfully watched developments which threaten disintegration. The triumph of Socialism would bring an end to the Empire to which my life has been dedicated, and I am forced, in old age, to watch events with growing anxiety.”

Not out of keeping with Lord Sydenham's life story is “THE REMAKING OF MODERN ARMIES.” By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, Military Critic of the *Daily Telegraph* (Murray; 10s. 6d.), a vigorous book of which the keynote is “mobility.” “Nothing less than re-birth [writes the author] can revive mobility in armies and warfare. And without mobility an army is but a corpse—awaiting burial in a trench.” Elsewhere he says: “Tanks are not an extra arm, or a substitute for infantry, but the modernised form of heavy cavalry.” Another notable military book, and one of especial interest to Londoners, is “THE HISTORY OF THE 60TH DIVISION” (2/2ND LONDON DIVISION). By Colonel P. H. Dalbiac. With Forewords by Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby and General Sir E. S. Bulfin. Illustrated. (George Allen and Unwin; 21s.). Colonel Dalbiac mentions that the volume was largely prepared by Mr. Edward Fraser, who was prevented by ill-health from completing the task.

The 60th, which was raised in London in 1914, served in France, Macedonia, and finally in Palestine, where it received the surrender of Jerusalem. “In devotion to duty,” writes Lord Allenby; “in cheerful endurance of hardship, in dauntless courage, these fine soldiers have never been surpassed.” The book is a worthy record of their achievements.

Of all the activities of warfare, the work of the spy, perhaps, makes the best reading, for the individual is not merged in the mass, and his proceedings involve the interplay of character, while the excitement, if less devastating than that of a battle, is equally intense, and the sense of danger is ever present. A good example is “WHO GOES

THERE?” Being an Account of the Secret Service Adventures of “Ex-Intelligence” during the Great War. Put down here by Henry de Hassalle (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.). The spy has much in common with the detective, and the same qualities that give this book its fascination belong to “REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-DETECTIVE.” By Francis Carlin (late Superintendent at Scotland Yard), One of the “Big Four.” With sixteen Illustrations (Hutchinson; 18s.). Mr. Carlin describes the unravelling of some sixteen tangled criminal problems, explains the methods of Scotland Yard, and discusses the psychology of criminals in general, and of five notorious murderers in particular. At this point I may be expected to observe that detective truth is more thrilling than detective fiction. That may be so; but there is, of course, an obvious difference in method. It is no part of a police officer's purpose, in relating his adventures, to work up the suspense by starting false clues, and withhold the solution till the end.

How different are the recollections stored in different minds! This thought suggests itself as I turn from the last-mentioned book to “MEMORABILIA.” Reminiscences of a Woman Artist and Writer. By Isabelle de Steiger. With Preface by Arthur Edward Waite. Illustrated. (Rider; 21s.). When I read on the jacket that “the late Madame de Steiger was intimately associated with the occult movement,” I was prepared for something rather formidable, and this apprehension was not dispelled by the preface; but when I had survived that, and reached the actual reminiscences, I had an agreeable surprise. I found

Lecturer in History in the University of Rangoon, and formerly Fellow of the University of Manchester. Illustrated. (Manchester University Press and Longmans; 18s.). In his later years, we learn, Lord Brougham “became a confirmed spiritualist, and spent many a Saturday and Sunday in London with Robert Owen, getting into communication by means of a boy medium with the departed spirit of the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria.” After pointing out that the existing memoirs of Brougham, and his own autobiography, are unsatisfactory, the author says: “The present volume is not intended as a biography. . . . An attempt has been made to sketch his career as a statesman, with special reference to the history of that political party with which he was most closely connected.” Mr. Aspinall has written an able and interesting book, enlivened by contemporary cartoons and political “squibs,” and including many extracts from hitherto unpublished letters.

On the first page of the first chapter I find an unexpected link with a book placed next on my list. “Had Brougham's boyhood been spent in the family home (Brougham Hall, near Penrith) instead of in the Scottish capital, he might well have played with Wordsworth amongst the remains of this ancient stronghold (the adjacent ruins of Brougham Castle), and climbed—

The darksome windings of a broken stair,
And crept along a ridge of fractured wall.

The quotation (presumably Wordsworthian) brings me to “DOROTHY AND WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.” By C. M. Maclean (Cambridge University Press; 6s.). This little volume contains essays in defence of Wordsworth's character and his theory of poetic diction, together with a fervent eulogy of his devoted and self-effacing sister, whom Mr. Maclean calls “the most poetical woman of her generation” and “the greatest of English descriptive writers.” A high claim indeed, and one, I should say, easier to assert than to substantiate.

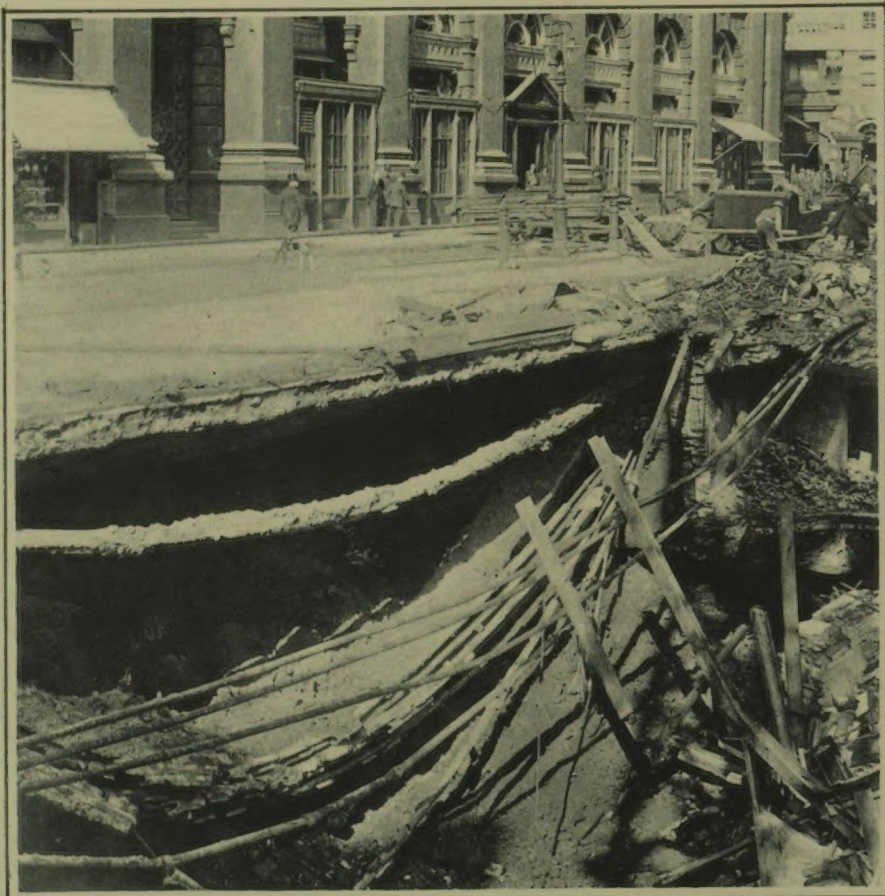
From the poet who worshipped Nature it is not unnatural to turn to Nature herself, and I will end by touching briefly on four interesting books about various aspects of natural history and country life. Wordsworth was a frugal person (he had to be), and a Westmorland peasant, as Mr. Maclean recalls, described him once as “a ugly-faiced man, and a meän liver.” He would have found much that was foreign to his palate, no doubt, in “A NATURALIST AT THE DINNER-TABLE.” By E. G. Boulenger (Duckworth; 6s.). The Director of the “Zoo” Aquarium discusses with lively learning the creatures that afford food for man, in any land, and takes the reader through the natural history of every course in a civilised dinner.

More congenial to Wordsworth, I imagine, would be “DAYS WITH THE GOLDEN EAGLE.” By Seton Gordon, F.Z.S., in collaboration with his wife. With Introduction by the Duke of Portland (Williams and Norgate; 12s. 6d.). This delightful book on wild life in the Highlands contains many excellent photographs by the authors, with coloured plates and head-pieces by J. C. Harrison, an artist well known to our readers.

Akin to this book in spirit, though not in locality, is a charming addition to “My Library of Animal Friends,” called “MOSES, MY OTTER.” By Frances Pitt. With twenty-two Photographs by the Author (Arrowsmith; 5s.). Here we have the story of some otter-cubs reared as pets on a farm, their friendships and adventures.

Leaving the animal for the vegetable kingdom, I commend to everyone whose heart, like Wordsworth's, “dances with the daffodils” a work entitled “ALL ABOUT GARDENING.” With eight Plates in colour, thirty-two full-page Photographs, and many Diagrams (Ward, Lock; 6s.). It is a concise, practical, and comprehensive book of reference, equally useful to the beginner and the expert. I reserve for future notice the remarkable work of a distinguished Indian botanist, “PLANT AUTOGRAPHS.” By Sir J. C. Bose (Longmans; 7s. 6d.), and a historical study associated with the uses of flowers—“THE MYSTERY AND LURE OF PERFUME.” By C. J. S. Thompson. Illustrated (Lane; 10s. 6d.).

My sand-castle is complete, and already its moat is threatened by the advancing ripple of the incoming tide.
C. E. B.



THE PROXIMITY OF THE CORNHILL COLLAPSE TO THE ROYAL EXCHANGE (SHOWN IN BACKGROUND): A CAVITY EXTENDING PARTLY UNDER THE ROAD.

In connection with the collapse of part of the Commercial Union Assurance Company's building in Cornhill (illustrated on page 265), it was stated on the 9th that there was no positive danger at present to the Royal Exchange. There had been some subsidence beneath the road on the opposite side, where are excavations for a new building, but the fault did not go near the Royal Exchange foundations. A crack in the road had not seriously developed. The main water and gas mains were undamaged.

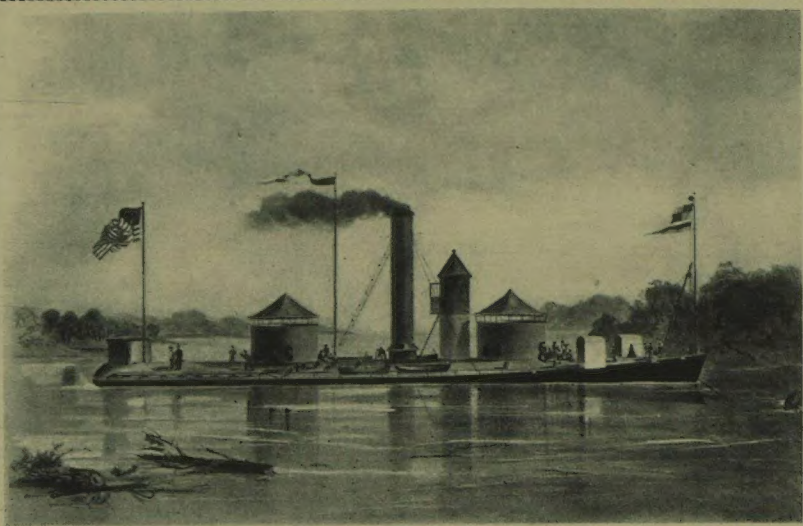
myself in touch with a mind by no means wholly concerned with the abstruse, but actively interested also in people and affairs, books and art, possessing humour and shrewd common-sense. The foreign name is, perhaps, a little misleading, for it was acquired only by marriage, the author having been a Lancashire woman, daughter of a Liverpool solicitor named Lace. As a young girl she was evidently high-spirited, and she recalls having once ridden round the Aintree course shortly before a Grand National.

Her occultism strikes me as being a peculiar streak in a character of marked practicality, which sometimes breaks through with startling effect, as in the following passage on Mme. Blavatsky, one of her associates: “There were those in Russia who had always had a covetous eye on British power in India. There were also those in India who had similar tendencies, but the two parties could not easily meet. There was, however, an intermediate party at hand, one already in their counsels in India, and who also had spiritual-cum-worldly inclinations in her soul; and it seems to me that they found the instrument they wanted in H. P. B.”

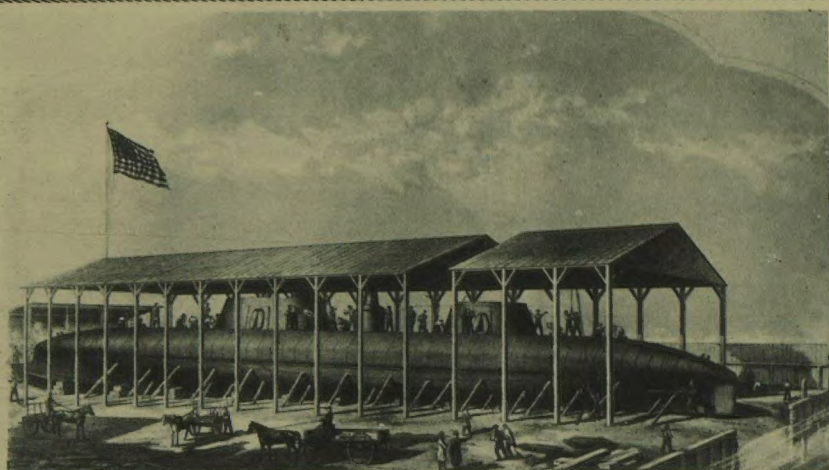
Another curious instance of the occult appealing to a practical mind occurs in “LORD BROUGHAM AND THE WHIG PARTY.” By Arthur Aspinall, M.A., Ph.D.

GEMS FROM THE MACPHERSON COLLECTION.

AN APPEAL TO ACQUIRE FOR THE NATION A GREAT PICTORIAL RECORD OF SEA HISTORY.



1. "KICKAPOO": A FEDERAL MONITOR LAUNCHED AT ST. LOUIS FOR WORK ON THE MISSISSIPPI IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR—A LITHOGRAPH IN COLOUR AFTER W. JEFFERSON.



2. "KEOKUK": AN EXPERIMENTAL FEDERAL MONITOR (LIKE A MODERN SUBMARINE) BUILT IN 1862, IN HER SHED BEFORE LAUNCHING—A LITHOGRAPH BY T. BONAR.



3. "EN GRISAILLE": A PAINTING OF 1666 BY VAN MOEY, A DUTCH MARINE ARCHITECT, SHOWING (ON RIGHT) THE DUTCH FLAGSHIP "THE SEVEN PROVINCES," AND (SECOND FROM LEFT) THE 76-GUN "EENDRACHT," BLOWN-UP IN THE BATTLE OF LOWESTOFT (1665).



4. "THE 'ROYAL GEORGE'": A 1528-TON 100-GUN SHIP LAUNCHED AT PORTSMOUTH IN 1672 AS THE "ROYAL CHARLES" AND TWICE RE-BUILT—AN OIL PAINTING BY P. MONAMY (1670-1749).



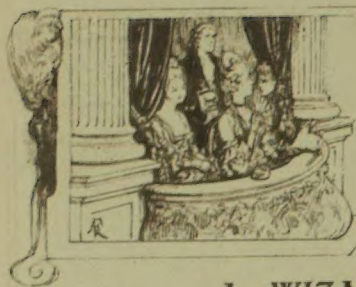
5. "THE 'IMPLACABLE' (LEFT, NOW A TRAINING SHIP AT FALMOUTH) AND 'CENTAUR' CAPTURING THE RUSSIAN 74-GUN 'SEWOLOD' OFF HANGO, 27 AUGUST 1808": A WATER-COLOUR BY T. WHITCOMBE.

6 "A WATCHMAN FIRING A ROCKET ON A SEA-WALL": A RARE MEZZOTINT OF AN UNCOMMON SUBJECT, BY AND AFTER CORNELIUS DUSART, A DUTCH ENGRAVER AND PAINTER (1660-1704).



By the courtesy of Mr. A. G. H. Macpherson, we are enabled to reproduce here some of the "gems" from his magnificent collection of marine paintings and drawings, which it is hoped may now be acquired for the nation as a unique pictorial record of the sea history of the English-speaking race and kindred subjects. An appeal for that purpose, signed, among others, by Prince George, Earl Beatty, Earl Jellicoe, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and the Lord Mayor, Sir Rowland Blades (Master of the Shipwrights' Company) was issued recently by the Society for Nautical Research. The collection has been valued for auction at between £100,000 and £150,000, but Mr. Macpherson is willing to accept £90,000 and to grant a six months' option to the National Maritime Museum on a first instalment of £25,000. Hitherto there has been no such museum available, but lately the Admiralty and the Office of Works decided to convert the Queen's House, Greenwich, to that use, on its vacation by the Royal Hospital School. The collection, which includes about 11,380 items in all, is mainly one of old prints, along with early books and atlases and some contemporary paintings and drawings. It is divided into eleven sections, and "contains (to quote a descriptive booklet) at least six collections which are the finest in the world." Mr. Macpherson has for years past put his treasures

at the free disposal of all research workers and students, and has sent them far afield for exhibition, even to New Zealand. The Society's appeal states that in forming the collection he has financially crippled himself, and now finds it necessary to restore his capital.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



A WIZARD AND HIS PREDICTIONS.—THE EVOLUTION OF THE CHORUS.

THE wizard in question is a well-known Press-agent. He grasps Time firmly by the forelock. He knows when death is in the house long before the last nights are announced; he knows, too, seasoned mariner as he is, what is in the offing. He is in the intimacy of many managerial offices, and he has the peculiar gift of *flair*. When I chat with him, as I often do, I cannot help thinking of that friend of mine, the announcer of the Broadcasting Company, who informs me of the weather forecast on the strength of a coming depression from Iceland—or elsewhere! Only there is this difference. The weather prophet is often deluded by nature—I have never left my gamp at home lately, despite the promise of sunshine. My Press-agent is rarely wrong—better than that, he has predicted over and over again before the first-night whether the play would catch on or not. He knows exactly what the public wants and pretty well how long they will want it. Not long ago he said that bed-room scenes would be a drug in the market; they were no longer a "cinch"; "and," he added with a smile, "people are tired of expecting something which never happens."

The meaning of this somewhat cryptic dictum lies between the lines. But he was right. I was looking over the list of plays running in London lately, and, not counting "Interference," which has a bed-room scene of a quite unconventional and non-erotic order, there is but one bed on the whole of the London stage; and that is the clean, rollicking affair in which Ralph Lynn and Tom Walls gambol in their four-poster. So much for progress.

Then we turned to sex. Here, also, my informant discovered signs of attrition. The great success of "The Fanatics" was well deserved, but he would not call that a sex-play in the general sense of the word. It was a play of analysis and disquisition—rather a good description, I thought. The very fact that some good people would be "shocked" by its plain speaking accounted for its hold. When one squeamish person professes to be shocked, he is sure to send ten others to the theatre, anxious to discover the whys and the wherefores. The attrition he observed was in the plays of small compass and humble surroundings in which sex matters were threshed out. The average playgoer—he went on—will gladly listen to something which happens in a drawing-room of society people; but he is bored when the same subject is discussed in back parlours and living-rooms "between the washing-lines and the tea-pot." Somehow the stall folk take no interest in the small lives of little souls—there is no dress (or undress) to be discussed; they find it drab, and not their money's-worth. The family circle and the pit may like it, but you cannot make a West End theatre pay when the stalls hold aloof. Revue, too, was unsteady. Unless it was on a scale as at the Hippodrome, or a happy medley of individual talent and music-hall turns like "Blue Skies," it had little chance, for the "skits" were suffering from want of humour and satirical inventiveness. Musical comedy, too, had to look after its laurels. Think of "Castles in the Air." That wonderful spectacle of "The Vagabond King" and the Drury Lane shows had raised the standard of the public and of the production. The demand was for a plot, for good music, away from jazz, and, especially, good singers—and of the last-named there were far too few to go round.

This brought us to the immediate future—the autumn season. And without hesitation he said that the boom of crime and mystery plays would continue intensely. The immense following of "Broadway," now in the provinces, and of Edgar Wallace's "The Terror" and "The Silent House," had proved to a fault that, for the time being, there was a growing demand for plays of this kind.

London who do their rounds of the theatres—musical comedy in preference—are asked what strikes them most, they generally reply, "The exquisite taste in scenery and costumes and the animation of the chorus." And then they will tell you of former impressions, when the principals were everything and the chorus nowhere—a set of pretty girls who did nothing in particular nor particularly well. Nor could one refute the impeachment.

As old Savile Clarke, critic and playwright, who had a mordant tongue, would say, they are "the geese of the Capitol" (and those old geese were cleverer), but I dare not say more lest the ganders should rend me to pieces. For, until the Americans invaded our stage and taught us many things, good and bad, our chorus ladies were only distinguished by their looks, very rarely by their brains. Whenever one of them was singled out for a line, there generally went a titter through the house—for the way she uttered it was so bashful, so halting, the evident effort was so great, that one was forcibly reminded of a schoolgirl reciting her first poem. Generally the chorus left the impression of a row of automatons, moving about as by

mechanism, smiling artificially—less at matinées than in the evening—and displaying, after the first few weeks of the run, a kind of lassitude that fell on the performance like a wet blanket. Even the late George Edwardes complained that one had to keep an eagle eye on the chorus, who thought more of other things than their business.

And now an entire change has come over these workers. They are no longer mere little ladies parading as show-girls, nor a listless band without individual characteristics. Their team-work is not only an example of drill, endurance, and strenuous effort; it demands intelligence as well as interest. Girls are not now chosen only for their beauty; they must have a voice; they must have learned how to dance; they are trained in the academic sense of the word—to render their limbs flexible, almost as agile as those of acrobats; to enter into the spirit of the thing; to understand the artistic beauty of the figures they are forming in group-work; to apply their intelligence when formerly nothing more was expected than to be herded like a flock. This transformation has had a double effect. The chorus is no longer the haven of the agreeable idler; it has become a school of budding artists—many of whom, in cases of emergency, at the shortest notice, have stepped from the ranks to take up the part of a principal. Nor do we smile when one of these aspirants to fame has dialogue to handle. They do their bit pluckily and efficiently, and often in revue scenes a promising reputation is made by a girl who in preceding episodes had been one of the multitude wafting across the stage with undulating arms and whirling limbs to echo the refrain of the leading characters.

The chorus-girl of to-day is not only a live and lively factor of musical comedy, operette and revue, she is, perhaps, the most hard-worked person in the theatre, for, besides singing and dancing, she has to change her dress sometimes twelve times in a performance and frequently this happens twice a day. No wonder that the philanderer holds aloof, that the status has been raised, that the word "chorus-girl" no longer has an equivocal meaning.



STRINDBERG'S "THE FATHER," AT THE EVERYMAN THEATRE: MISS HAIDEE WRIGHT (ON LEFT) AS THE OLD NURSE AND MR. ROBERT LORAIN (AT TABLE) AS ADOLPH IN HIS FIRST FIT OF MADNESS.

Strindberg's play, "The Father," represents a battle of the sexes. Adolph, a scientist, regards the women of his house, and especially his wife Laura, as his enemies. When he goes mad, his old nurse Margaret tricks him into putting on a madman's jacket. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Miss Haidee Wright as Margaret, Mr. Robert Loraine as Adolph, Mr. Lawrence Hanray as Dr. Ostermark, Miss Dorothy Dix as Laura, Mr. Douglas Ross as the Pastor, and Miss Maisie Darrell as Bertha.

When I asked about plays of a "higher plane" my wizard was less positive: some of the comedies now running—"The Happy Husband" and "Meet the Wife"—would go on well into the winter; "Thark"—good for a year, or at any rate till Easter; "The Letter," "Marigold," and "Yellow Sands"—still flourishing. Then we would have three plays by Noel Coward; two by Basil Dean; possibly a new Shaw. But the chances of so-called high-class plays usually materialised during the season; so far no



PRINCIPAL MIRTH-MAKERS IN "SHAKE YOUR FEET," AT THE HIPPODROME: MISS JOYCE BARBOUR, MR. BILLY MERSON, AND MISS GWEN FARRAR

manager has declared a definite policy; the future of several theatres, now to let, is uncertain.

When the many foreign summer-time visitors to

THE FIRST EISTEDDFOD IN ANGLESEY: A CHAPTER OF NOVELTIES.



HERALDS BEARING THE HORN OF PEACE AND PLENTY AND THE GREAT SWORD OF THE GORSEDD: A PICTURESQUE PROCESSION AT THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.



THE RETIRING ARCHDRUID ELFED, STANDING ON THE GORSEDD STONE, RECEIVES THE HORN OF PEACE AND PLENTY: A GROUP INCLUDING THE BEARER OF THE GORSEDD SWORD (ON RIGHT).



A TRUMPET FANFARE BY A HERALD (STANDING ON THE GORSEDD STONE WITH THE RETIRING ARCHDRUID ELFED) OPENS THE CEREMONY IN THE GORSEDD CIRCLE: BARDS IN WHITE (ON LEFT) AND GREEN (RIGHT), INCLUDING THE BEARER OF THE GORSEDD SWORD (RIGHT FOREGROUND) AT THE EISTEDDFOD NEAR HOLYHEAD



INITIATED INTO THE BARDIC ORDER AS MAIR O'FON (MARY OF ANGLESEY): LADY ROBERT THOMAS, WITH ATTENDANT PAGES.



THE NEW ARCHDRUID PEDROG (THE REV. R. O. WILLIAMS, WITH SCEPTRE AND LAUREL CROWN, IN CENTRE) AND THE RETIRING ARCHDRUID ELFED (NEXT TO RIGHT), AFTER THE INSTALLATION CEREMONY.



MR. J. H. THOMAS (CENTRE) AS IAGO O FYNWY (JAMES OF MONMOUTHSHIRE): THE WELL-KNOWN LABOUR LEADER LATELY INITIATED AS A BARD OF THE GORSEDD CIRCLE.

The Welsh National Eisteddfod this year was memorable for several new features and unusual circumstances. For the first time it was held in Anglesey, at Holyhead, instead of in one of the large industrial centres generally chosen. The remoteness of the locality led to the absence of any Welsh choir from the chief choral competition, owing to expense of transit. In other choral contests, however, the Welsh were well represented, and the total entries (about 3000) for all competitions was a "record." For the first time also a play was given, not in competition, but for its own sake. It was a performance in Welsh of Ibsen's historical drama, "The Pretenders," directed by M. Komisarjevsky, and performed by nearly 200 Welsh amateurs. What is usually the principal event in the

Gorsedd Circle—the Chairing of the Bard—did not take place, as the competition had produced no poet worthy of the chair, and the prize was withheld. The gathering, however, was compensated (on August 4) by an equally picturesque ceremony, the installation of a new Archdruid, as Archdruid Elfed's four years' term of office had expired. He is succeeded by the Rev. R. O. Williams, of Liverpool, under the title of Archdruid Pedrog. Archdruid Elfed placed his laurel crown on his successor's head, and handed him the glass-headed sceptre. Among the new initiates of the bardic order are Lady Robert Thomas and Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P. Mr. J. H. Thomas presided at one of the meetings in the Eisteddfod Pavilion. At another meeting Mr. Lloyd George presided.

JAPAN'S EARLY IMPRESSIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD: OLD JAPANESE PRINTS OF THE 'SEVENTIES AND 'EIGHTIES.



WASHINGTON AS IMAGINED BY THE JAPANESE ARTIST YOSHITORA: A SCENE INCLUDING MINARETS, CURTAINED BALCONIES, AND ARABS TRADING IN THE STREETS.



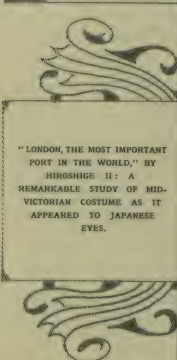
PARIS AS REPRESENTED BY YOSHITORA: THE FRENCH WOMEN STROLLING ALONG



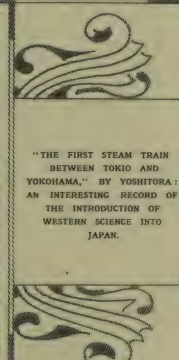
CAPITAL AS A SEAPORT, WITH "THE PARISIAN WOMEN STROLLING ALONG THE OCEAN FRONT."



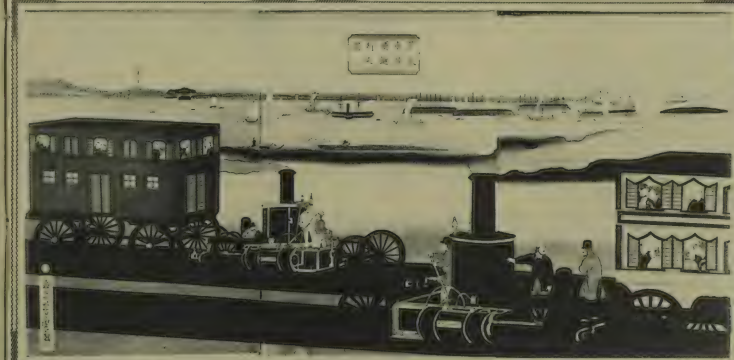
"ALL TYPES OF CARRIAGES IN TOKIO STREETS," BY YOSHITORA: A PRINT ILLUSTRATING WESTERN INFLUENCE ON JAPAN IN THE MATTER OF ROAD TRANSPORT.



"LONDON, THE MOST IMPORTANT PORT IN THE WORLD," BY HIROSHIGE II: A REMARKABLE STUDY OF MID-VICTORIAN COSTUME AS IT APPEARED TO JAPANESE EYES.



"THE FIRST STEAM TRAIN BETWEEN TOKIO AND YOKOHAMA," BY YOSHITORA: AN INTERESTING RECORD OF THE INTRODUCTION OF WESTERN SCIENCE INTO JAPAN.



"A FOREIGN STORE AT YOKOHAMA," BY SADAHIDE: A JAPANESE IMPRESSION OF WESTERN WOMEN'S DRESS IN CONTRAST TO THE NATIVE COSTUME.



"LONDON," BY YOSHITORA: ENGLISH FASHIONS A CONTEMPORARY



OF THE MID-VICTORIAN PERIOD DEPICTED BY JAPANESE ARTIST.



"TIGER-HUNTING IN INDIA," BY YOSHIMATA: A JAPANESE ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE SPORT REMARKABLE FOR THE RELATIVE SIZE OF THE MEN AND THEIR USE OF BAYONETS.

We are enabled to reproduce here, by courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago, some remarkable examples from a collection of over 200 Japanese prints recently presented to the Institute by Mrs. Emily Crane Chadbourne. They are of especial interest as recording early impressions of the West and Westerners produced on the mind of Japan when she had emerged from her age-long seclusion, after the arrival of Commodore Perry's fleet in 1853. "It is an unusual series (says the "Bulletin" of the Institute), entirely confined to pictures of 'foreigners' as they appeared to the Japanese in the '70s and '80s of the nineteenth century. Many of the artists were pupils of one master, Utagawa Kuniyoshi. His pupils, working from 1850 to 1880 were caught in the wave of Western contagion. . . . In all these prints there is a spirit of admiration for Western civilisation and customs. Evidently the attitude of the people of Japan was

friendly and whole-hearted. The term 'Western barbarian,' as used by the politicians of that day, does not seem to be compatible with the frank admiration expressed in many of these pictures. Take, for instance, the triptych by Yoshitora. The inscription tells us that 'This is London. . . . The women are gentle and kind, the men sagacious and highly ambitious in business.' . . . Their hats and shoes as drawn by the Japanese, to whom such articles were new, are strangely shaped. . . . The styles differed in Paris. If we may judge from another triptych by the same artist. Here the Parisian women are strolling along the ocean front! . . . In a view of Washington by Yoshitora we have minarets and curtained balconies as well as Arabs trading in the streets. These incongruities make the pictures only the more fascinating, and doubtless our ideas of the Orient in 1870 were equally confused."

THE STAG-HUNTING SEASON ON EXMOOR: REMARKABLE

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PHOTOGRAPHS OF AN ANCIENT AND EXCITING SPORT.

ALFRED VOWLES, F.R.G.S., MINEHEAD.



THE QUARRY, AS USUAL, MAKES FOR WATER: A WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPH OF A "3-ATOR" STAG STANDING IN THE RIVER EXE—A UNIQUE VIEW TAKEN AT CLOSE RANGE DURING A HUNT.



JUST AFTER LEAVING THE RIVER, WITH A SHINE ON HIS COAT CAUSED BY THE WATER: THE STAG GOING AT FULL SPEED, PURSUED BY THE LEADING HOUNDS, AT CHILLY BRIDGE.



BY NO MEANS A ONE-SIDED AFFAIR: THE STAG AT BAY, ON THE EDGE OF A QUARRY IN HORNER COMBE, AND KEEPING THE HOUNDS OFF IN FEAR OF HIS FORMIDABLE ANTILERS.

These picturesque photographs of an Exmoor stag-hunt are of special interest at the moment, in view of the opening meet of the season of the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds, which took place a few days ago at Cloutsham Hall, near Minehead. It attracted thousands of visitors, among whom were the Bishop of Taunton and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, while many Americans had come specially to Exmoor for the occasion. When a stag is "put up" on Exmoor, he nearly always makes for water, and often will stand at bay in a deep pool, where the hounds have to swim. Some stags take to the sea, and one has been known to swim the Bristol Channel. His antlers make the stag a formidable quarry, and the hounds by no means have things all their own way. Exmoor

is said to be the only part of England that has been a haunt of wild deer since prehistoric days, and stag-hunting there is a very ancient sport. Stag-hounds are said to have been kept at Simonsbath as long ago as 1590, and since 1746 there are many records of the hunt. "It is hunting which preserves the wild deer from extinction," writes Mr. E. W. Hendy (Ernest Blake). "When one has seen something of the damage which they do to farmers' crops, it is not difficult to realise that, if hunting were abolished, their doom would be sealed . . . and it is only the fine sporting spirit of the countryside which makes hunting possible."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE BREATH OF LIFE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

HOWEVER varied their shape, size, and activities may be, all things living must breathe. In other words, the poisonous carbon-dioxide formed by the disintegration of the tissues of the body must be exchanged for the life-giving oxygen. This exchange of gases takes place in many ways. In the simplest organisms, wherein the whole body is but a mere blob of jelly, this exchange takes place over the entire surface. But, as complexity of structure increases, resulting in the formation of masses of tissue—bone and muscle and nerve—means have to be devised to bring the precious "breath of life" to the innermost recesses of such deep-seated parts. Commonly this is done by means of a special circulating fluid, carrying oxygen in suspension. This we call the blood. Its ability to perform this function depends on the presence of certain chemical compounds known as hæmoglobin, and hæmocyanin. All the higher animals have red blood, due to hæmoglobin. But this is found also in some quite lowly creatures, such, for example, as the earth-worm. Generally, however, in the lower animals, such as the mollusca, the blood is colourless, or it may be yellow, or green. But here hæmocyanin is the oxygen-carrier.

There are exceptions to this rule, however. For the blood of insects, which is also colourless, is

coiled threads in the stems of plants. Put a piece of stewed rhubarb under a microscope, and you will have before you a splendid example of Nature's

just described in broad outline is at once thrown out of gear if the water becomes laden with fine particles of mud or sand; and suffocation speedily follows unless escape is possible. But there are some crabs which have, if we may so express it, devised means of living quite comfortably in such surroundings; and these furnish beautiful examples of the way in which living bodies are enabled to adapt themselves to special conditions, enabling such as are sufficiently responsive to colonise new territory where competition is less keen.

The Masked Crab (*Corystes cassivelaunus*), commonly cast up on the shore after storms, is one of these (Fig. 4). It contrives to live buried in the sand with no more than the tips of its antennæ protruding—a feat it has been able to accomplish in a very singular way. To begin with, its antennæ are not only very long, but they have developed short bristles, so that when the two are brought together a tube is formed. But more than this. It reverses the direction

of the respiratory current, drawing the water down the tube and expelling it behind the gill-chamber. The Mole Crabs have a precisely similar habit; but here the tube is formed by the first, instead of the second pair of antennæ. In the little Porcelain Crab, found under stones in muddy pools on the shore, the "big claws" bear, along their upper margin, a deep fringe of stiff hairs which serve as a filter; but here the respiratory current takes the normal course.

In that extraordinary crab, *Calappa*, as will be seen in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 2), the big claws are of enormous size, and have their upper margins deeply toothed. They are water-filters. The respiratory current is drawn down between a crevice left between the claws and the body, and passes backwards to the gill-chamber, whence it is returned, and expelled through two small apertures lying just above the meeting-place of the two big claws. These, it is to be noticed, have a complicated locking-device enabling them to fit accurately together—a most

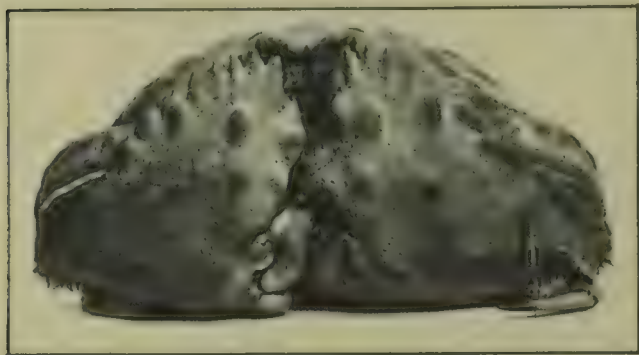


FIG. 2.—WITH HUGE CLAWS, INTERLOCKED, THAT FORM WATER-FILTERS, THE RESPIRATORY WATER BEING SUCKED DOWN BETWEEN THEM AND THE BODY: THE CRAB KNOWN AS CALAPPA.

In *Calappa* the upper margin of the "big claws" forms an enormous, flattened plate, with a serrated edge. The two claws are tightly interlocked, and the respiratory water is sucked down between them and the body. The movable "nippers" at the end of the claw have been greatly reduced in size.

charged solely with the function of nutrition. It is a "hæmolymp," akin to the lymph of the higher animals—the fluid matter carrying the products of digestion, and pouring it into the blood-stream to be distributed to the tissue wasted in the performance of its functions. Breathing, in the insects, takes place by means of a complex system of tubes which pervade the whole body and communicate with the outer world by means of apertures known as "spiracles." The air is drawn in and expelled by the movements of the body.

Apart from their function these "tracheal tubes" are extraordinarily interesting structures. Two properties they must possess. They must be flexible, and they must never collapse, and so cut off the air supply. To attain these ends they have developed within their walls an excessively delicate spirally coiled thread, made of "chitin," the substance which also forms the hard outer case or armature of the body and limbs. We have adopted the same device in our gas and other tubing where it is desired to prevent a "kink" which would cut off the supply the tube was intended to distribute. We find precisely similar spirally

handiwork in the making of non-collapsible tubes. Our own wind-pipe is made on this principle. As it passes backwards into the lung-tissue it breaks up into innumerable branches, growing finer and finer with ever-thinner walls, till they end in little blind pouches. The whole of the air-system is, throughout life, kept distended by air. Owing to the thinness of their walls an exchange of gases between the tubes and the blood-vessels surrounding them easily takes place. The poisonous carbon-dioxide is expelled with every expiring breath, and oxygen taken in with every in-drawn breath.

Fishes, and lowly aquatic creatures like crabs and lobsters, breathe by means of gills. Here the lung-tissue is stretched over a strong supporting skeleton and freely exposed to the surrounding water. In larval fishes, as in larval frogs and newts, the gills, at first, stand out on each side of the head like branches of a tree. These, however, are soon exchanged for more efficiently protected organs arranged on each side of the head, and covered by the "gill-cover." Water is taken in at the mouth, and, passing over the gills, finds its way out at the gill-opening.

In the crabs and lobsters and their like, the gills commonly take the form of tufts, sometimes resembling bottle-brushes borne at the base of each walking leg. These gills, in crabs and lobsters, are protected by the downward extension of the head-shield, or carapace; and water is drawn into the closed cavity thus formed by the rapid vibration of a scoop-like plate, the "scaphognathite," attached to the base of the second pair of jaws. As it waves back and forth it draws a current of water in at the hinder border of the carapace, and expels it in a stream, which issues from a funnel-like aperture at the base of the second pair of foot-jaws, just below the antennæ. Put a fresh-water crayfish in a bowl of clean water, and drop a little finely powdered vermilion just behind and outside the hinder margin of the carapace, and you will immediately see it streaming forth from the aperture in front. This is the normal course of the respiratory current where the water is clear.

The complicated respiratory mechanism which I have



FIG. 4.—SHOWING THE ANTENNÆ THAT CLOSE TO FORM A TUBE FOR SUCKING-IN RESPIRATORY WATER: THE MASKED CRAB—MALE (BELOW) AND FEMALE (ABOVE).

The Masked Crab, so called from the rough-likeness to a human face—or that of a lion—on the shell, burrows in the sand, leaving only the antennæ protruding. These close together to form a tube, down which the respiratory water is sucked. In the male the chælx, or "big claws," are very much larger than in the female (upper figure).

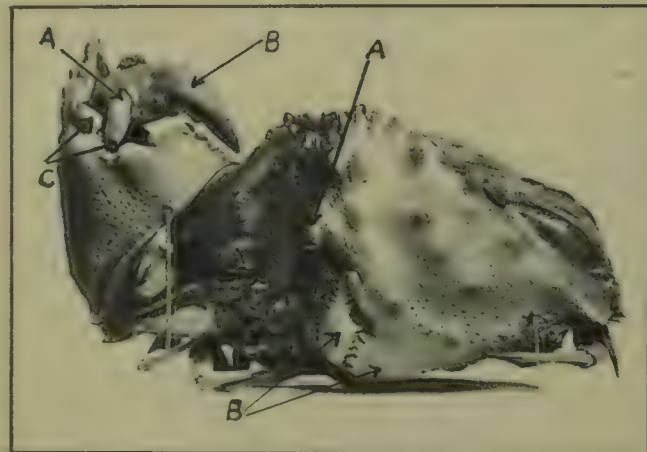


FIG. 3.—THE LOCKING DEVICE OF THE BIG CLAWS IN CALAPPA: A SYSTEM ON THE ACCURACY OF WHICH THE ANIMAL DEPENDS FOR ITS LIFE.

The left claw (seen on right) locks into the right by means of the spur, like a hooked nose, seen at the edge of the vertical face. The position of the greatly reduced "nippers" contrasts with the enormously enlarged upper border. Those of the right hand are larger. The "hooked nose" is thrust into the notch seen between the three tubercles at the base of the nippers. The letters indicate—(AA) Parts of locking apparatus; (BB) Nippers; (C) Notch.

important detail, since the animal depends upon the goodness of this fit for its very life. The accompanying photograph (Fig. 3) will help to make this locking-device more readily apparent than a long description.

Calappa and *Corystes*, surveyed as "Common Objects of the Sea-Shore," are just "oddities"; but the more intensively they are examined the more wonderful they become, compelling an ever-widening survey of the tribe to which they belong—

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

Ajanta Frescoes: Gems of Ancient Buddhist Art in India.

No. 1 FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. O. H. BROWNE, OF THE HYDERABAD MINT.



1. DESCRIBED AS "THE CLIMAX OF INDIAN ART": THE BUST OF A BODHISATTVA (VAJRA PANI) FROM CAVE 1 AT AJANTA—A PAINTING EXPRESSING THE INNER SPIRITUAL CALM THAT IS THE KEYNOTE OF THE BUDDHIST SCHOOL.

[Continued.]

step was to find the best restorers for the treatment of the frescoes themselves. Sir John Marshall brought out two Italian artists, who had previously done similar work with success in the Sistine Chapel, Professor Cecconi and Count Orsini. . . . Another task was to arrange for the authoritative interpretation of the various stories depicted on the walls. The well-known French *savant*, M. Foucher, who has made Buddhist iconography his life study, was engaged, and the first instalment of his work has been published by the Department, 'Rapport Préliminaire sur l'Interprétation des Peintures et Sculptures d'Ajanta.' The Department has also been planning to publish, by some scientific method, faithful copies of the entire series of Ajanta paintings. . . . A fair sample of our undertaking is the bust of a Bodhisattva (No. 1), reproduced by Messrs. Henry Stone and Son, of Banbury, by the three-colour process. . . . A competent artist has been employed to copy the outlines of the principal scenes, as the basis of a cheaper volume on Ajanta. The name of our artist is Mr. Syed Ahmad, for some years the custodian of the caves. . . . Measures have also been adopted for making the access to the caves as easy and comfortable as possible. The Great Indian Peninsular Railway, a most enterprising company, have brought their line to within thirteen miles of Ajanta, whence a *pucca* road goes right up to the caves.'

MR. G. YAZDANI, Director of Archaeology in H.E.H. the Nizam's Dominions (Hyderabad), writes: "It is a little over a century since the Ajanta caves were first discovered, and for this period there is a continuous history of campaigns undertaken to copy the paintings, and to save them from climatic deterioration. The names of Fergusson and Major Robert Gill in earlier days, and those of Dr. Burgess, Mr. George Griffiths, Lady Herringham, and Nawab Hyder Nawaz Jung (Mr. A. Hydari) in recent times, will ever remain memorable for their noble work at Ajanta. The Nizam's Government, in whose territory Ajanta is situated, have recognised their debt of reverence to the master artists of Ajanta, and from the beginning every undertaking for the study and elucidation of the paintings has been liberally supported. In 1914, shortly after Lady Herringham's visit to the Caves, an Archaeological Department was created. . . . The first step taken was to make all those caves in which the paintings are executed structurally sound, and to free them from the damping effects of percolation during the monsoons. . . . Hundreds of props had to be erected to support overhanging rocks, and the drainage of the hill had to be regulated to stop the flow of rain water on the roof of the caves. In these operations the Department has had the advice of Sir John Marshall, Director-General of the Archaeological Department of the Government of India. . . . The next

[Continued above.]



2. INDRA WITH HIS RETINUE OF APSARAS (FLYING FIGURES): A REMARKABLE FRESCO FROM CAVE 17 AT AJANTA. WHERE MANY CENTURIES OF ANCIENT BUDDHIST ART ARE REPRESENTED IN THE FAMOUS WALL-PAINTINGS

Glories of the Ajanta Caves: Masterpieces of Buddhist Art.

NO. 1 FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. E. L. VASEY.



1. A GREAT BODHISATVA (PADMA PANI) FROM CAVE I, AT AJANTA: ONE OF THE FRESCOS THAT REPRESENT BUDDHIST ART FROM THE 1ST CENTURY B.C. TO THE 7TH CENTURY A.D.

[Continued.]

pillars of nearly all the caves appear to have been adorned with paintings; but remains are only found in thirteen caves, and the fragments of special interest occur in Caves I, II, IX, X, XVI and XVII. The scenes are generally taken from the *Jalakas*, the stories of Buddha's previous births in various forms—human and others, as a bird or an animal or a reptile. The art of Ajanta represents the feelings and aspirations of the Buddhists in a joyous spirit, without any note of the melancholy one would expect from a sect whose votaries lived most austere lives. The "joy" however, shows no wantonness; it is permeated by a deep spirituality, which is the keynote of the art of Ajanta, and which places it in strong contrast to the somewhat frivolous themes of the Pompeian frescoes or the tragic subjects of Italy during the Renaissance period. About these paintings Professor Rothenstein most appropriately remarks: "On the hundred walls and pillars of these rock-carved temples a vast drama moves before our eyes, a drama played by the princes and sages and heroes, by men and women of every condition, against a marvellously varied scene, among forests and gardens, in courts and cities, on wide plains and in deep jungles, while above the messengers of heaven move swiftly across the sky. From all these emanates a great joy in the surpassing radiance of the face of the world, in the physical nobility of men and women, in the strength and grace of animals, and the liveliness and purity of birds and flowers; and woven into this fabric of material beauty we see the ordered pattern of the spiritual realities of the universe. . . . So true is the psychological character of these paintings, so remarkable the delineation of human and animal forms, so profound the spiritual portrayal of Indian life, that they may still serve to-day, in the absence of contemporaneous works of the kind, to represent the culture and character, rapidly changing though they now be, of the Indian people." His exalted Highness the Nizam, in whose dominions the caves are situated, has had roads constructed for the convenience of visitors, who can now proceed by motor-cars from three different railway stations (Aurangabad, Jalgaon, and Patur), and he has also built a palatial rest-house, for the accommodation of scholars and distinguished visitors, near the caves. He is not satisfied with the several reproductions, good as they are, published hitherto, on account of their being based on hand copies, which, although useful in their way, have proved faulty in some respects. Experiments are now being made to present to the world copies of the paintings by the up-to-date scientific methods of colour-photography, and an experiment was made by Mr. E. L. Vasey, a British expert in colour photography, in February 1926. The problems involved are so delicate that the handling of the task necessitates the greatest caution and considerable delay. Meantime, the excellent work of the Nizam's Government in preserving the frescoes and making them accessible has attracted thither an increasing number of foreign visitors, including Viceroy, European statesmen, travellers, and art students from all parts of the world.

THE caves of Ajanta are situated in a beautiful glade, 35 miles south of Jalgaon, and 55 miles north from Aurangabad. Jalgaon is a station on the main line of the G.I.P. Railway. Aurangabad is a large station on the Nizam's Guaranteed State Railway. Motors are available at both stations, and from Aurangabad tourists can visit both Ellora and Ajanta. The natural scenery is superb, and a hill stream within sight of the caves descends in a narrow cascade of seven leaps, and debouches in the plains as the Waghora River. The perpendicular rock where the caves commence is about 250 ft. high, and, sweeping round in a semi-circle, it closes the upper end of the ravine. There are twenty-nine caves in all, five of which are *Chaityas* (cathedrals), and the remainder *Viharas* (monasteries), and all belong to the Buddhist religion. No ancient remains in India exhibit such an admirable combination of architecture, sculpture, and painting as the Ajanta caves, which represent every stage of Buddhist art from the first century B.C. to the middle of the seventh century A.D. Besides the comparative beauty of many of the architectural forms, the numerous sculptural ornaments are characterised by a beaming intellectuality and high creative skill, and the frescoes illustrate the development of a great school of painting in India which influenced not only the culture of the East, but also that of the West. The walls, ceilings, and

[Continued above.]



2 A RAJAH AND HIS CONSORT, WITH THEIR RETINUE, COMING OUT OF HIS PALACE INTO THE ROYAL GARDENS: AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF THE CELEBRATED AJANTA FRESCOS, FROM CAVE 17

A Great Etcher's Vision of Venice: New Work by James McBey.

REPRODUCED FROM THE ETCHING BY JAMES MCBEY, PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI AND CO. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.



"BARCAROLLE": NIGHT ON ONE OF THE SMALLER CANALS AT VENICE.

Connoisseurs of modern etching have been eagerly awaiting the appearance of the new set of Venetian scenes by Mr. James McBey, the well-known Scottish artist, five of which are reproduced on this and the following pages. In an introduction to

a volume of his work in "Modern Masters of Etching," published by the "Studio," Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman said: "And still we may look forward to what this master's vision of Venice is to vouchsafe upon the copper."

Venice by a Modern Master of Etching: A New "McBey."

REPRODUCED FROM THE ETCHING BY JAMES MCBEY, PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI AND CO. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.



"RIO DEI GRECI": ONE OF THE SIDE CANALS AT VENICE.

Mr. James McBey, who has become one of the acknowledged masters of modern etching, is an entirely self-taught artist. He was born at Newburgh, an Aberdeenshire fishing village, in 1883, and, after attending the village school, was for fourteen years a bank clerk in Aberdeen

and Edinburgh. All his spare time was given to art, and some of his earliest etchings were produced from an improvised press he made from an old mangle and the propeller shaft of a derelict trawler. Our issue of Feb. 13, 1926, contained previous examples of his work.

Venice by a Modern Master of Etching: A New "McBey."

REPRODUCED FROM THE ETCHING BY JAMES MCBEY, PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI AND CO. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.



"THE PALAZZO DEI CAMERLENGHI": A VIEW ON THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE.

This etching shows a view of the Grand Canal as seen from the bridge of the Rialto, with market boats alongside the quay in front of the Palazzo dei Camerlenghi (tax-gatherers). Mr. McBey's previous work includes etchings done in Holland, Spain, and Morocco, besides many

Scottish and English scenes. During the war he served as an officer in France, and in 1917 he was appointed Official Artist in Egypt. This resulted in the series of etchings known as "the first Palestine set," of which some have been reproduced in our pages.

From James McBey's New Venetian Set: Masterly Etchings.

REPRODUCED FROM THE ETCHINGS BY JAMES MCBEY, PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI AND CO. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.



"LA GIUDECCA": A VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS OF VENICE SEEN ACROSS THE GIUDECCA FROM THE STEPS OF THE REDENTORE CHURCH—AN ETCHING DONE ON THE SPOT.



"THE PASSING GONDOLA": A GONDOLIER IN HASTE ON THE RIO DELLA GUERRA AT VENICE—A CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLE OF AN ETCHER WHO HAS ALWAYS FOUND "HIS HAPPIEST SUBJECTS IN BOATS ON BUOYANT WATERS."

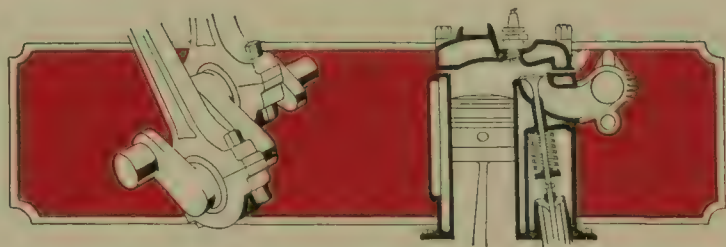
Born and brought up as he was on the Scottish coast, Mr. James McBey has always found inspiration in sea and river scenes, and, as Mr. Malcolm Salaman puts it, "found some of his happiest subjects in boats on buoyant waters." This aspect of his art is prominent also in his Dutch

work as well as in his studies of Scotland and the Thames. An interesting account of his career is given in Mr. Martin Hardie's introduction to "Etchings and Dry Points, from 1902 to 1924, by James McBey," published by Messrs. Colnaghi.

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Austin, 12 h.p.	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Austin (other)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Bean	A	A	A	A	A	A
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Citroen, 12/24 h.p.	A	A	—	—	—	—
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Clyno	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
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Crossley (other)	—	—	BB	A	BB	A
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Darracq, 12/32 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Darracq (other)	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hillman	A	A	A	A	BB	A
Humber, 8 and 9 20 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Humber (other)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Jowett	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lagonda, 12 24 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lagonda (other)	BB	A	BB	A	—	—
Lanchester	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Lambda)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Morris-Cowley	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford	A	A	A	A	A	A
Peugeot (Sl. Valve Mds. and 11 and 12 h.p.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot (other)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Riley, 11 and 12 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rolls-Royce	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 8 h.p.	—	—	—	—	BB	BB
Rover (other)	A	A	A	A	A	A
Singer	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard, 14 h.p.	—	—	BB	A	BB	A
Standard (other)	A	A	A	A	A	A
Sunbeam, 4 and 6 cyl.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Swift	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot, 18 55 and 20/60 h.p.	A	A	A	A	BB	A
Talbot (other)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Trojan	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall, 14/40 h.p.	A	A	A	A	BB	A
Vauxhall, 23/60 and 25-70 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall (other)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
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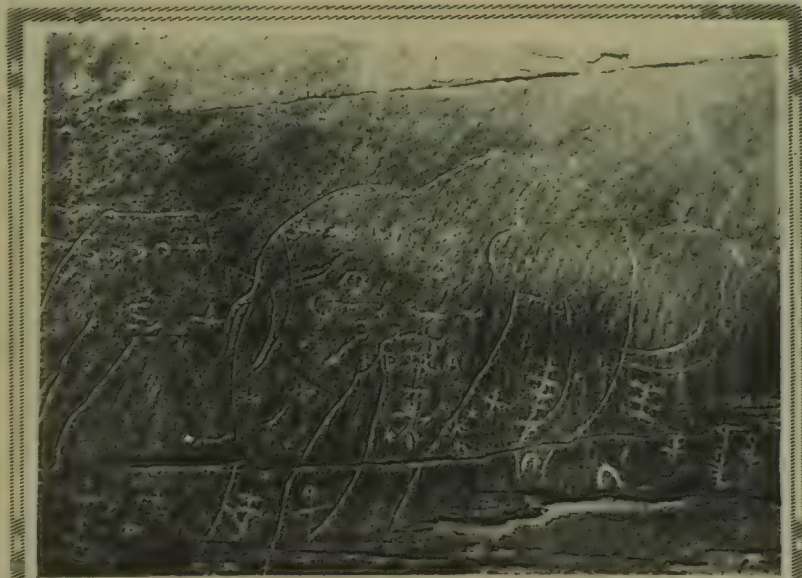
DEWAR'S

PREHISTORIC "LANDSEERS" OF THE ATLAS: ROCK-DRAWINGS OF ANIMALS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COLONEL J. C. B. STATHAM, C.N.G., C.B.E. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 278).



A PROCESSION OF ELEPHANTS: A ROCK-DRAWING IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS
(THE SIZE INDICATED BY THE MAN SEATED BELOW).



PART OF ANOTHER PROCESSION OF ELEPHANTS: A PREHISTORIC ROCK-DRAWING
(WITH SOME MODERN LETTERING AND MARKS SCRAWLED ACROSS IT).

THESE photographs illustrate Col. Statham's article (on page 278) describing the wonderful rock-drawings he found in the Atlas Mountains. "The drawings," he writes, "are of four kinds—Prehistoric, Libyco-Berber, Arabic, and European. The last, the work of soldiers of the Legion, are only mentioned here as they are, unfortunately, scrawled across some of the earlier work." Our illustrations (here and on page 279) represent the prehistoric group. "These engravings," says Col. Statham, "show signs of great age by their marked surface patina. This sign is one of the methods of distin-

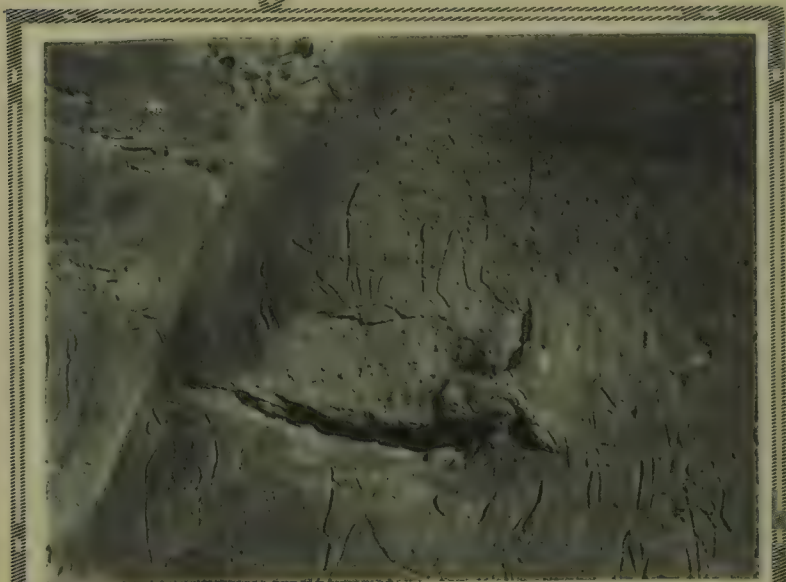
(Continued opposite.



A MOTHER ELEPHANT DEFENDING HER BABY FROM A LEOPARD: EVIDENCE, FROM THE COMPARATIVE SIZES,
THAT THE ANCIENT ELEPHANTS WERE PROBABLY OF A SPECIES SMALLER THAN THE PRESENT.

(Continued.)
guishing them. . . . One of the finest of the rock-drawings is that of the wild ass, a beast long extinct in this part of Africa. There are two young ones near the large figure, but difficult to see, owing to the reflection which makes rock-photography so difficult. This engraving was so clear and beautifully rendered that I hesitated to chalk it, as I was compelled to do with some of the others. The photographs of elephants show an animal that is African in type, but from historical records was probably smaller than its modern African representative, and this appears to be shown by the comparative

(Continued below.



A RHINOCEROS (BELOW) WITH SKIN-FOLDS LIKE THOSE OF THE ASIATIC TYPE; AND (ABOVE) AN OSTRICH: PREHISTORIC ROCK-DRAWINGS IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS.



"ONE OF THE FINEST OF THE ROCK-DRAWINGS": THAT OF A WILD ASS, "A BEAST LONG EXTINCT IN THIS PART OF AFRICA," WITH TWO YOUNG ONES (NOT CLEARLY VISIBLE IN THE PHOTOGRAPH).

(Continued.)

size of the elephant and leopard (see the centre photograph on this page), where the leopard is endeavouring to carry off a baby elephant from under the mother's trunk. This drawing is so vivid that the artist must have seen the incident itself. The historical proof of the small size of this elephant, which served the Carthaginians in their wars against Rome, is found in the accounts of its ready capture and training, the fact that it was transported to Europe in the small

galleys of the period, and its description by the old historians as being smaller than the Indian elephant, which is itself smaller than the present large African type. . . . What is the age of these prehistoric drawings? One indication of age is derived from the nature of the animals portrayed. The rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and perhaps giraffe had disappeared from the region before historic times, while the elephant did not long survive the Roman occupation."

STONE AGE ART IN NORTH AFRICA.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES OF PREHISTORIC ROCK-DRAWINGS IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS.

By COL. J. C. B. STATHAM, C.M.G., Author of "Through Angola" and "With My Wife Across Africa by Canoe and Caravan." (See Illustrations on pages 277 and 279.)

PREHISTORIC and ancient rock drawings and paintings are found in many parts of Africa; the method of engraving being used almost exclusively in the North, while rock paintings prevail in the South. In North Africa rock engravings are found from Sinai to the Canary Islands, and the Mediterranean to the Sudan, and beyond the Sahara. The photographs shown here were some of a large number which I took during a series of expeditions, and some hundreds of miles of travelling, off the beaten track in the Atlas Mountains, especially in that region known as the "Sud Oranais," where their frequency is probably due to the nature of the rocky formation—a sandstone suitable for engraving.

The drawings in the Atlas are of four kinds—Prehistoric, Libyco-Berber, Arab, and European. The last, the work of soldiers of the Legion, are only mentioned here, as they are, unfortunately, scrawled across some of the earlier work. The so-called Arab work consists largely of Arabic writing which cannot be earlier than the seventh century A.D. The Libyco-Berber, a very important group of engravings, includes figures of men and animals and inscriptions in the ancient Libyan character and its modern counterpart, the Tifinagh of the Tuaregs. Their age varies greatly, the earliest going back to prehistoric times. Many Arab engravings are merely superficially scratched; others, like most of the Libyco-Berber drawings, are made by a series of holes punched in the rock by pointed flints. Both represent animals still in the region, or there fairly recently, as well as the modern domesticated camel; for though this animal existed in North Africa in early prehistoric times, it apparently became extinct, and the camel of to-day is descended from animals introduced into the country about the fourth century A.D.

The photographs here are those of the first or purely prehistoric group, where the engraving is nearly always made by scratching the outline repeatedly with a flint implement, or punching the outline first and then scraping and polishing it until it is deep and smooth; while in some cases the figure itself is scraped and polished as well. The labour entailed may be imagined, when it is realised that the outlines of some of these animals in these photographs are more or less lifesize, and sometimes nearly an inch deep and half an inch wide; while figures like that of the sheep (the photograph is larger than lifesize) are almost entirely polished. Occasionally the prehistoric drawings are only punched.

Both men and animals are represented in the prehistoric group, and nearly all of the latter are now extinct, or have left the region where they are portrayed. These engravings show signs of great age by their marked surface patina (or polish of time). This sign is one of the methods of distinguishing them from most Libyco-Berber and all Arab engravings, which, though hundreds of years old, yet to a great extent lack this character, which only very great age can bring to a hard surface like rock. Even those that I have classed as definitely prehistoric and show here differ greatly in age, and it would be rash to date any of them; but those of the large horned buffalo are proved to be several thousand years old, from the fact that their bones are only found in their fossil state in Pleistocene or older Quaternary deposits. The figures of the man and bird which are shown with the buffalo have the same degree of patina, are evidently part of the picture, and probably of the same early date.

What adds interest to these buffalo is the fact that they are not related to the modern African species, which is not represented at all, but resemble the Indian buffalo, and, from studies of their fossil skeletons, are found to be closely related to the fossil buffalo of India. The other photograph of buffalo, a lifesize and splendid drawing, shows two of these animals drawn in a spirited and realistic fight. (The human figure behind one of the buffalo is badly drawn, and perhaps of later date.) One of the finest of the rock drawings is that of the wild ass, a beast long extinct in this part of Africa; there are two young ones near the large figure, but difficult to see, owing to the reflection which makes rock-photography so difficult. This engraving was so clear and beautifully rendered that I hesitated to chalk it, as I was compelled to do with some of the others.

The photographs of elephants show an animal that is African in type, but from historical records was probably

smaller than its modern African representative, and this appears to be shown by the comparative size of the elephant and leopard in the drawing where the latter is trying to carry off a baby elephant from under the mother's trunk. This drawing is so vivid that the artist must have seen the incident itself. The historical proof of the small size of this elephant, which served the Carthaginians in their wars against Rome, is found in the account of its ready capture and training, the fact that it was transported to Europe in the small galleys of the period, and its description by the

associated with a ram which may be domesticated, is remarkable for its detail, very unusual in a prehistoric portrayal of the human figure. The beard and apron are somewhat Libyan in character, as the Egyptian drawings of captive Libyans indicate; and the hair, shaved at the side and arranged in a crest in the centre, resembles the description given by Herodotus of one of the Libyan tribes; but the figure is quite unlike any of the numerous Egyptian drawings, showing, as it does, a fat-development like that seen in the Bushman race.

What is the age of these prehistoric drawings? One indication of age is derived from the nature of the animals portrayed; of these only one is definitely a Pleistocene fossil; and the rhinoceros, hippopotami, and perhaps giraffe, had disappeared from the region before historic times; while the elephant did not long survive the Roman occupation.

Another source of information is in the nature of the worked flints found near the drawings. These belong to both the old and the new Stone Age, but those shown drawn on the rocks are mainly Neolithic (axes). Of the other weapons portrayed are boomerangs—an instrument of only primitive people. The shield in the adjoining photograph may be "Beotian" and later. An arrow-head seen in another photograph is very large for a flint head, but proportions here are everywhere incorrect.

As far as I know, no human remains of the old Stone Age have been found near the drawings, and very few Megalithic monuments (dolmens) are near them; there are more towards the east and the coast; but there are numerous grave-tumuli in the southern Atlas and Sahara, often in the immediate neighbourhood of the drawings. I have examined some myself; they vary in age, possibly from the Neolithic and Bronze Ages to the seventh century A.D., when the Mohammedan religion and its different form of burial was adopted.

A sign of age, patina (mentioned earlier), is harder to describe than see, for after a short experience even a novice will begin to distinguish the older drawings, where the engraving has a surface and colour like the natural rock, a result due to weathering in its widest sense. When iron-holding rocks are engraved, the surface sometimes becomes blackened from the deposit of iron salts, and prehistoric engravings on such rocks have the same dark colour as the rock, while later ones remain light-coloured. Comparisons with Roman engravings under similar conditions show a patina similar to Libyco-Berber work and unlike the prehistoric, proving the age of the latter. Flammand, who made a profound study of the patina and other age factors of these engravings, is convinced that the older ones are Neolithic. Gsell, the great historian of North Africa, hazards an estimate of five thousand years, though he emphasises the uncertainty of the estimate. The buffalo drawings and some others are probably earlier and contemporaneous with the old Stone Age in Europe. Some of the North African Neolithic engravings may also have been contemporaneous with our old Stone Age, as the new Stone Age probably commenced earlier in North Africa than with us.

Who, then, were the people of these drawings? They had one characteristic of the Bushmen and Aurignacian races: they drew animals realistically and well, and the drawings of North Africa have much in common with those of the Aurignacians in Europe and the Bushmen in South Africa. They used stone weapons both chipped and polished, like the stone axes; wooden boomerangs, like the aboriginal Australian; and bows and arrows. They had a form of religion which probably included sun worship, and held the ram sacred, associating it with the sun, as the Libyans and Egyptians did with Ammon. There are numerous drawings of the sacred ram crowned with the sun in North Africa, and a similar worship existed in the country up to mediæval times.

It is probable that one of the prehistoric invasions of Europe (the Capsian) came from North Africa, where the flint instruments of both the old and new Stone Ages are similar to those of Europe, especially Spain; and the animal drawings of the Atlas have the same vivid realism of those in France and Spain and the Bushman caves I visited in South Africa; while flints I have seen in actual use among the Bushmen of the Kalahari have their counterpart in North Africa.



A PREHISTORIC "ART GALLERY" IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS: (LEFT) ENGRAVINGS OF ELEPHANT AND GIRAFFE (UPSIDE DOWN) ON THE SAME BOULDER; (CENTRE) BACKGROUND AND RIGHT) STONE AXES, A SHIELD, AND BOOMERANGS.

old historians as being smaller than the Indian elephant, which is itself smaller than the present large African type. There are numerous other drawings of elephants in the Atlas; I came across about twenty in my wanderings, and about a dozen of the extinct buffalo. Other animals which I saw included bovidæ, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, (doubtful), and giraffe (rare); among carnivora, lion, leopard, hyæna, jackal; while among antelope I have seen the oryx, addax, gazelle, reedbuck, hartebeeste, wildebeeste, and figures resembling a monkey, hare, pig, and moufflon. The ostrich is frequently represented; other birds occasion-



SYMBOL OF A RELIGION AKIN TO THE EGYPTIAN WORSHIP OF AMMON: A SACRED SHEEP CROWNED WITH A SOLAR DISC—A PREHISTORIC ROCK-DRAWING (NEARLY LIFE-SIZE) FOUND IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS.

ally. In late (Neolithic) drawings are domestic animals, such as sheep, cattle, the goat, and dog, and in one instance a horse with saddle.

Along with the drawings of animals in these photographs are five human figures; the faces of four of them are either too defaced, crudely designed, masked, or caricatured (see the man with the long ears) to indicate the appearance of the people who drew on these North African rocks. The fifth, though possibly of later date, as it is

SELF-PORTRAITS OF EARLY MAN, WITH ANIMALS, ON ATLAS ROCKS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COLONEL J. C. B. STATHAM, C.M.G., C.B.E. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 278.)



A MAN WEARING A MASK, WITH LONG EARS, THREATENING A LION WITH HIS BOOMERANG: A ROCK-DRAWING OF A PREHISTORIC BIG-GAME HUNTER.



A MAN, FOLLOWED BY HIS WIFE AND DOGS, SHOOTING OSTRICH WITH BOW AND ARROW: A ROCK-DRAWING OF A HUNTING SCENE.



A MAN HOLDING A STONE AXE IN HIS HAND, AND FOLLOWED BY SHEEP: FIGURES CUT ON ROCK IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS.



WITH BEARD, HAIR, AND APRON OF LIBYAN TYPE, BUT A FAT FIGURE LIKE THAT OF THE BUSHMEN: A MAN, WITH A SACRED RAM.



BUFFALO OF AN ASIATIC TYPE NOW ONLY FOUND IN A FOSSIL STATE IN PLEISTOCENE OR OLDER QUATERNARY DEPOSITS; AN OSTRICH; AND A MAN.



BUFFALOES FIGHTING: "A LIFE-SIZE AND SPLENDID DRAWING" WITH A HUMAN FIGURE "BADLY DRAWN AND PERHAPS OF LATER DATE."

Discussing the probable age of these remarkable rock-drawings found in the Atlas Mountains, Colonel Statham writes (in his article on page 278): "The buffalo drawings and some others are probably earlier (*i.e.*, than 5000 years ago) and contemporaneous with the Old Stone Age in Europe. . . . Who, then, were the people of these drawings? They had one characteristic of the Bushmen and Aurignacian races; they drew animals realistically and well. They used stone weapons both chipped and polished, like the stone axes; wooden boomerangs, like the aboriginal Australian; and bows and arrows. They had a form of

religion which probably included sun-worship, and held the ram sacred, associating it with the sun, as the Libyans and Egyptians did with Ammon." Of the two drawings in the bottom row, Colonel Statham says: "Those of the large horned buffalo are proved to be several thousand years old, from the fact that their bones are only found in their fossil state in Pleistocene or older Quaternary deposits. . . . They are not related to the modern African species, which is not represented at all, but resemble the Indian buffalo . . . and are found to be closely related to the fossil buffalo of India."

"A Conglomeration of Spirits of Delight."

"ALOYSIUS HORN: THE IVORY COAST IN THE EARLIES."*

HE came from a Johannesburg doss-house to a stoep without the city, selling wire kitchen-goods of his own making—gridirons, toasting-forks, and the like—a bearded old man with a mild voice and the look of the wide spaces. The novelist leapt to a character. "I stood still as the Wedding Guest," she writes; "or as when a bird comes nearer than usual—say a heron, as you stand on the banks of a stream." The visitor began to talk, wandering a while, and rambling of the Africa of years ago: "Africa, Ma'am, Africa—as Nature meant her to be, the home of the black man and the quiet elephant. Never a sound, Ma'am, in a great landscape at noon—only the swish of elephants in grass. Lying still there in the water, too—and me the first white man (nay, I was a lad) to pry upon their happiness."

The novelist fell before the magic and once a week Mr. Alfred Aloysius Horn called upon Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, babbling o' his rivers; of blood brotherhood with cannibals; of the great gorillas of the Ivory Coast; of his shortened thumb; of trade in tusks, and ebony, and rubber; of the French "whose language is writ in water on the earth's surface—water and scent"; and of Lola D—, the white "Goddess of the Josh House."

At first "he fluttered round in a circle of subjects like one, as he himself said, somewhat childish." Then the listener was inspired. "The idea came to me," she says, "how much less wasteful of time it would be for the old man to write his adventures in his own way and for me to devote two hours or so of his weekly visit in making notes, not of his adventures so much as of his outlook on life, and all sorts of experiences which would never come into any written account of his doings on the West Coast; and to use such notes as a sort of chorus between his chapters. . . . The plan worked well." It did indeed; so well that the result is a book of the most extraordinary fascination, the story of a natural romantic as set down by himself with a simplicity that is superbly conscious of its art: "How do you like it, Ma'am? Writing's always been a bit of a furore with me. . . . In the world of literature you're dust and ashes if you haven't got a background of facts." And, at the end: "I've written a double lot this week, Ma'am, I didn't want to lose me tangent by breaking off. George Bussey used to say the end of a book is the moment of delicacy. It'd never do now to roam away from the tangent. . . . Aye, the finale's the thing. But at all periods of composition you should be able to detract from the subject now and then, George Bussey says. Glance away from it and let the mind float free. Doesn't just do to say, 'They were married on board ship.' To leave out some pretty little vision of the weather and the sea-birds would be to miss out one of the greatest ingredients of life, which is—natural environment." Hence such glories as: "The boat seemed to catch the feeling of those who were aboard her and rode like a duck on the swell which increased as we neared the Ocean. I now peered into the cabin and Lola was still asleep. I pulled the curtain aside so as to give her fresh air. We passed the Vampire Island where we removed our hats as this was a white man's burial ground. I explained to Peru, but he never knew the real truth or the goddess either as to who slept there. I looked at her as she slept. No sculptor could have added to her beauty."

This of Lola after the "get-away" from her worshippers; of Lola, daughter of an octoroon and an Englishman, and step-daughter of a witch-doctor, the "She" of the sacred village, the Izaga, the God, of natives who initiated Aloysius Horn into the mysteries of their temple: the temple decked with skulls and guarded by holy bees. "Hear, then, the story; how it unfolds itself." "There were two objects the Chief called my attention to," recalls the chronicler, "one was a square piece of crystal, the other was peg-top-shaped and pointed at one end. He told me to place my hand on these objects, and that one represented fire (the red one) and the other water. This I did but could not help grasping the smaller one which was very heavy, I came to the conclusion it was a ruby of great value. After this there was great vociferation from the building, supposed to come from the spirits behind. The sounds were somewhat irregular and then again there was a conglomeration of spirits of delight."

Now everything in the temple began to Sparkle and placing his hand on my head, which I bowed low, he announced in a loud voice the entrance of Izaga. He then said (Dana te eo) Rest in peace or Don't be disturbed. I noticed on raising my head a little commotion from those in goggle-eyed masks who were at the right and left of where I saw the Izaga (or native God). The Chief then ordered me to stand up and approach the centre mask and whilst I was doing so the mask disappeared from Izaga likewise the

tassels fell down on each side of her shoulders, whilst high up on her forehead the hair formed a diamond-shaped coronet. A short leopard-skin kilt ornamented with snakeskin and dainty fur sandals with black straps formed the rest of the dress of this Izaga. . . . The Ceremony over, I withdrew, making a bow to this statuesque beauty. Sounds of sweet music filled the air whilst the clear sweet voice of a Girl struck my Ear. They were singing a beautiful song, Umbilla Nyone me Koka Ngala. White bird from over the sea. That, of course, was meant for me. I was the first and, as far as I know, the last white man ever permitted to join."

From the same rich vein is many another engrossing description, episodic or philosophic. On numberless occasions Horn's life was "at steak," even when he had his guard of natives clad in 17th Lancer jackets and caps. He had to kill or be killed, although he hated to fire in anger. He had to obey the law of the wild: "Whenever you lose a fight in Africa you're lost. There's no softness about Nature. When you're driven from the herd it's for good. I've seen a beaten old chief weep. Cover his eyes like a child. No wounds, mind you. But his heart is broken. . . . Aye, pity's a fancy article Nature in her wisdom can't afford to handle. Pity versus preservation of the race. That's all it is." He learnt the secret of defying the slouching beast: "And Death's like any other untamed creature. He respects a scornful eye same as a sailor'll respect a man cutlass-armed. 'Twas the only way to enjoy yourself on the old Ivory Coast in the Earlies."

The scornful eye: it gazed upon warring between tribes of the opposing river-banks—traders intervening; glimpsed great chest-drumming gorillas, and lumbering, sure-footed elephants; witnessed battles and bargainings; gazed upon the dwarf tribe, upon the

Ju-ju tree, and upon the Chief whose lineage would have shamed the "Book of Genesis." It softened during the merriment of feasts; it steeled at sacrifice; it gleamed at good trade; and it was green when the rival scored!

The sights it saw, the savagery—and the sentiments—strange sights born of blood brotherhood and the bottle, of the urge of the open and of age-old prides and prejudices; mummeries and masterings and mumbo-jumboisms.

The most pathetic of all. Horn was among the Evilis, at the Samba Falls. "At the falls," he writes, "I noticed a small gathering of people at the river bank and on enquiring found that this gathering was for the purpose of witnessing the drowning of an old white-headed grandma who had outlived her generation. And as this is one of the laws of the Evilis I was powerless to stop it. I hurried down to the scene and was told that the man who had the legal right to drown the old white-headed woman had not arrived but he soon put in an appearance. And after a little parley with the people round during which the poor victim stood bolt upright and did not show any signs of emotion the relative then seized her and tossed her into the swirl of the rapids below. This being done they walked away without even turning their heads. I put my glasses on the water and saw her white head appear above water, she seemed to be a good swimmer but after a few more seconds she disappeared. This was perfectly legal according to the laws of the natives and happens very frequently."

As to the rest, let us follow Mr. Galsworthy—and "serve up a few *hors d'œuvres*":

"Ma'am, I should appreciate an incentive. We get nothing but this so-called tea and coffee. Poor stuff, when you're seeking an inspiration. I should sure appreciate a more useful drink. From Ben Jonson downwards the use of an incentive has been recognized as nothing less nor more than natural in the interests o' literature."

"Believe me, Ma'am, when a lad that's seen nothing bigger than the gulls and herons o' Lancashire first beholds that great white apparition of beauty men call Albatross sailing the southern elements he'll not be the one to drain it of breath. Six feet o' waiting snow—"

"Nothing to read, and having only a Scotchman to talk to, it seemed, you may say, natural to turn to Nature."

"I asked for a few presents for the chief and was told to take anything I wished and charge same to Trade Diplomasy."

"Cannibals . . . the most moral race on earth. The women chaste and the men faithful."

"To gain respect of a cannibal you'll find a flag is no good. Not half so good as your enemy's head on a pole or a river-fight won."

And let us add that the full meal, to use for the work of an Old Visiter the expression of one of the Young, is "sumpsuous." While as to the credentials of the Chef, we have the word of Mrs. Lewis that he is a real man with the knack of youth, telling a true story in "chancey" ways; and the word of Mr. Galsworthy that he met him in Johannesburg in February of this year. E. H. G.



AN OIL PAINTING ON A PIECE OF PARAFFIN TIN: "LIONS ON A KRANTZ";
BY ALOYSIUS HORN.

Reproduced from "Aloysius Horn," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Jonathan Cape.

raffia hangings. There stood the God that never Dies, the most beautiful white woman I had ever seen. Her eyes were large and had a kind and affectionate look. Although I thought there was pity in them they had a magnetic effect on me. Of course I was young, she looked like Sweet sixteen, half-naked there she stood statuesque,



"THE OLD VISITER": ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN.

From the Drawing by Noel Wallace. Reproduced from "Aloysius Horn," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Jonathan Cape.

dressed where there was any dress in somewhat Egyptian style. On her head she had a dressing of white hairpins made of hippo ivory inlaid with ebony. Her hair was auburn, and was plaited in circles and pressed on to the temples. Two ringlets ornamented with gold-and-green

* "The Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn, an Old Visiter." The Works written by himself at the age of seventy-three, and the Life, with such of his Philosophy as is the gift of Age and Experience, taken down and here edited by Ethelreda Lewis. The Foreword written by John Galsworthy. I.—The Ivory Coast in the Earlies: the narrative of a boy trader's adventures in the 'Seventies, through which runs the strange thread that is the History—meagre, but all that is available—of a young English Gentlewoman. (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d. net.)

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: INTERESTING SCENES FAR AND NEAR.



A "MILESTONE" ON THE ROAD OF CHINA'S POLITICAL EVOLUTION: THE PROCESSION IN PEKING IN HONOUR OF MARSHAL CHANG TSO-LIN'S BECOMING GENERALISSIMO AND CHIEF OF THE STATE.

MARSHAL CHANG TSO-LIN (IN CENTRE, JUST BEHIND THE LEADING FIGURES, AND WEARING A HELMET WITH DROOPING WHITE PLUME) ON HIS WAY TO TAKE THE OATH AS GENERALISSIMO: A HISTORIC OCCASION AT PEKING.



A KOMODO "DRAGON" TETHERED ON THE FELLOWS' LAWN AT THE "ZOO," TO TAKE A SUN-BATH FOR THE BENEFIT OF ITS HEALTH: ONE OF THE GIANT LIZARDS FROM KOMODO ISLAND CONVALESCING AFTER ITS RECENT ILLNESS AND HOSPITAL TREATMENT.



A LONDON PROTEST AGAINST THE EXECUTION OF SACCO AND VANZETTI, FIXED FOR AUGUST 10 (IN AMERICA): A MODEL OF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.



MR. TOM MANN JOINS IN THE "INTERNATIONALE" ON THE NELSON COLUMN PLINTH: AN INCIDENT OF THE "SACCO AND VANZETTI" PROTEST MEETING.

Marshal Chang Tso-lin's government at Peking recently received overtures, with a view to an agreement, from General Chiang Kai-shek, of Nanking, who has been advancing northward and lately suffered some reverses. The outcome of the negotiations depended on the military situation. Our photographs from Peking were, of course, taken some weeks ago. It was on June 18 that Marshal Chang Tso-lin took the oath, in the old Presidential Palace, as Generalissimo of "the Army and Navy of the Republic of China," thus becoming virtually Chief of State.—One of the two Komodo "dragons," or giant lizards, at the "Zoo" was recently in hospital at the new Reptile House

(as illustrated more than once in our pages). It has since recovered, and, to give it sunshine, it has lately been tethered by a 12-ft. chain on the Fellows' Lawn. The reptile is about 8 ft. long.—Mr. Tom Mann was the principal speaker at a Communist meeting held in Trafalgar Square on Sunday, August 7, to protest against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, who have lain for six years under sentence of death in America, for a murder and robbery committed in 1920. Many efforts have been made to obtain a re-trial, and only lately it was decided, by the Governor of Massachusetts, that there was no ground for intervention, and the execution was fixed for August 10.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Princess Elizabeth.

There is not an infant welfare centre or any other institution concerned with infants that would not have liked above everything to have its name associated with that of the nation's baby. That good fortune has befallen Cromwell House, the centre of



ENGAGED TO THE REV. PEVERIL HAYES TURNBULL: LADY JANE GREY.

Lady Jane Grey is the sister of the Earl of Stamford. Her engagement to the Rev. Peveril Hayes Turnbull, Rector of St. Cross, has just been announced.

rich and poor, receive their training. Those nurses are known as the Plunket Nurses, because Lady Plunket, as wife of the Governor of New Zealand, was patroness of the scheme at the beginning, and did a great deal to make it a success. Lady Plunket is now Lady Victoria Braithwaite. Her daughter-in-law, young Lady Plunket, recently sent a donation of £1000 to the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Hardinge, chairman of Cromwell House, to endow a room for a mother and child at the Princess Elizabeth Hostel.

Wilton House.

Lord and Lady Pembroke are at Wilton House, their famous home near Salisbury. They spent Easter there, and it was there that in January they had a week-end party of young people when Lord Herbert, the eldest of their three sons, came of age. The house, presented with its lands by Henry VIII. to the first Earl of Pembroke, was designed by Holbein, and the lovely garden front was built by Inigo Jones for the Lord Pembroke who was his patron. The gardens of Pembroke have been the scene of many notable dramatic entertainments. Lord Herbert's coming-of-age celebrations were postponed till last week, when a garden party and a ball were given, to which great numbers of people were invited from far and near. Lady Pembroke, the daughter of the late Lord Alexander Paget, is a sister of the Marquess of Anglesey.

The Joy of Travel.

It does not seem so very long since Baroness Ravensdale returned from her tour in the East, and it certainly is only a short time since she settled into her new home in Deanery Street. But at the end of this month she is setting off on her travels once more. She is going first to the United States, and after that will visit Lord and Lady Willingdon in Canada. She is an excellent traveller. She does not go about comparing other countries and

other people to their disadvantage with her own, and thinking that all differences she notes are queer. That may be a characteristic of the globe-trotting English folk, but not of the nation as a whole. One thing that has made our people so successful as Empire-builders is the kindly interest they take in the people of other lands. They like them to be different, and they value their individuality.

Lady Jane Grey.

Lady Jane Grey, whose engagement to the Rev. Peveril Hayes Turnbull, Rector of St. Cross in Suffolk, is announced, is the only sister of the Earl of Stamford. Their father was the nephew of the Rev. Harry Grey, the eighth Earl, who had only one child, a daughter, now Lady Mary Starr, and he succeeded to the title after his claim had been duly considered by the Committee of Privileges. He married the daughter of a clergyman, the Rev. Charles Alton, Canon of Winchester; so Lady Jane, who lives with her mother, Lady Stamford, at Dunham Massey Hall, the family seat, already knows a good deal more than many a girl engaged to a clergyman about rectory life.

Liberal Women's Club.

The Liberal women have quite suddenly decided that it is time they had a social centre of their own in London, and they have been fortunate in discovering without much delay a house that will suit them very well. It is in Ebury Street, not far from Victoria Station, and within easy reach of Parliament and the Liberal women's headquarters. They want to open it as soon as possible, so the committee members who will be in town during August have promised to look after the alterations and furnishing, and hope that it may be ready some time in October.

Lady Baring, wife of Sir Godfrey Baring, is taking a great interest in the new enterprise, and Lady Rathcreedan's sister, Miss Huntington, is acting as both chairman and treasurer of the committee. The club is likely to be used a good deal by country members, who will be able to stay there during their visits to London. Mrs. Wintringham, for one, intends to make that use of it.

The Conservative women have for a long time made political use of more than one women's club, especially of the Ladies' Imperial Club, where frequent political meetings are held, and where one room is set aside for what may be called partial members—women from other parts of the country, or of the Empire, who do not visit it very frequently.

Women Scientists.

Considerable surprise seems to have been caused by the statement that the meetings of the British Association interest women quite as much as men, and women are likely to form fifty per cent. of the audiences at the meetings of the Association

presently to be held at Leeds. Twenty-one papers are to be read by women. This may seem a large proportion to those who compare 1927 with the years nearly a century ago, when women were not allowed to attend the meetings at which biological papers were read because—well, because their presence would cause the lecturers either to hush or blush. But, when one thinks of the work women are now doing in many fields of research, the number seems small enough.

Meantime, it is interesting to note that three women are to lead the discussion on special scholastic disabilities, one of them dealing with a subject that makes a wide appeal, backwardness in arithmetic.

The recent course of prices is another subject interesting from a feminine point of view. Miss Martin, who is reading a paper on the action of sunlight on cotton, is one of the two London University students who have been working for weeks in a black sateen tent pitched in Regent's Park, studying the effects of ultra-violet rays on plants which only thrive in sunshine. The British Association might usefully inquire what has been the effect of that prolonged exposure to ultra-violet light on Miss Martin and her companion. This is of great importance to all people who specialise in giving light-treatment, but so far no one has paid any attention to it.

"Mother India."

Miss Katherine Mayo, the American writer, has made a great success with her vivid study of Indian life, "Mother India," in which she deals so trenchantly with the evils of child marriage and of the slavery to superstition. Everyone seems to have read it, or to be waiting for a copy of the book. Miss Mayo is a nature student who has pursued her studies in many countries. She loves wild birds and wild flowers, and when she is in England she delights in learning the call of birds in our woods. It was her interest in nature that led indirectly to her interest in the Indians she met in Dutch Guiana.

She tells the story herself. She had not lived there long enough to realise fully the risk of following a little footpath into the primeval jungle surrounding the small Dutch village, and the sight of the huge strange flowers and lovely trees lured her on till she found she was lost. She was there, long after night had fallen, and began to shout. The unexpected answer came from an Indian coolie, who had wandered into the savannah, and led her down the bush trail till they found a second Indian, and together they took her home. From that time she began to study the Indian life and character.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN C. T. H REAVELY:

MISS PSYCHE HOPE LE MESURIER. Miss Psyche Hope le Mesurier is the daughter of Mr. H. B. Le Mesurier, an Hereditary Governor of Alderney. Her engagement to Captain C. T. H. Reavely, late 1st Shropshire Light Infantry, of Kinnersley Castle, Herefordshire, has been announced.



THE COMING-OF-AGE CELEBRATIONS AT WILTON: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE WITH THEIR ELDEST SON, LORD HERBERT (CENTRE).

Wilton, the beautiful country seat of the Earl of Pembroke, was the scene of coming-of-age festivities last week. Lord Herbert, eldest son and heir of Lord Pembroke, was twenty-one in January last, but his majority celebrations were held over until the summer.

SWISS
"BACCHANALIA":
 THE FÊTE DES VIGNERONS
 REVIVED AFTER 22 YEARS,
 AT VEVEY.

THE FIRST CELEBRATION OF THE SWISS FÊTE DES VIGNERONS (FESTIVAL OF THE WINE-GROWERS) HELD SINCE 1905: SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES WITH THEIR FLOCKS—PART OF A GREAT PASTORAL AND AGRICULTURAL PAGEANT WITH 2000 PERFORMERS.



SUING THE ACTION TO THE MOTIF: REAPERS WITH SCYTHES AND HARVESTERS WITH RAKES, IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COSTUME, PERFORMING A PASTORAL DANCE IN A GREAT AMPHITHEATRE REPRESENTING A MEDIAEVAL CASTLE.



ATTENDED BY A BACCHANAL IN SPECTACLES: BACCHUS, GOD OF WINE, WITH TWO OF HIS TRAIN, IN THE PROCESSION AT VEVEY.



THE PRESIDING DEITY ON THE PASTORAL AND AGRICULTURAL SIDE OF THE FÊTE DES VIGNERONS, WHEREIN ALL FORMS OF SWISS PEASANT LIFE WERE REPRESENTED: PALES IN AN OX-DRAWN CAR—A ROMAN DIVINITY OF FLOCKS AND SHEPHERDS WHOSE ANCIENT FESTIVAL AT ROME WAS KNOWN AS THE PALILIA.

The great Swiss festival of the vine, known as the Fête des Vignerons, has no fixed date, but is held whenever the Guild of Vinedressers is able to organise it—perhaps four or five times in a century. The last Fête was held nine years before the war—in 1905. The arrangements for this year's celebration, at Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva, were on a more elaborate and magnificent scale than ever before, and included a large amphitheatre representing a mediæval castle, some 2000 performers (in eighteenth-century costume), and accommodation for 14,000 spectators. The first performance took place on Monday, August 1, and the festival was planned to continue throughout the week and on the following

Monday and Tuesday (August 8 and 9). The proceedings began with the presentation of laurel crowns and medals of silver and bronze, by the Abbot of the Winegrowers' Brotherhood, to some 200 members distinguished for viticulture. Then came a dramatic poem dedicated to the four seasons, each represented by a group of singers and dancers typifying various stages of wine-growing and agriculture. Many old native songs and dances were incorporated. Vevey, it may be recalled, is not very far from the centre of the great storm which did such damage on August 2 in the district of Montreux and Territet, sweeping away bridges and buildings, and destroying vineyards and gardens.

Fashions & Fancies



Green velour, decorated with a painted band, and velvet and felt cleverly draped, express these two attractive hats for the autumn from Henry Heath, 105, Oxford Street, W.

Hints of Coming Evening Modes.

Although daytime modes are of more universal importance, it is always the evening frocks which arouse our interest first. Paris has already sent over the advance guard of her autumn models, and I saw several lovely creations at Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, S.W. Black panne, a new ring velvet which is transparent and drapes as easily as chiffon, is new and very smart, and will prove a serious rival to chiffon and georgette frocks. One striking dress made of this material is very long and full, dipping at the back, opening on a short white satin underslip in front. The full black overskirt is lined with the white, and a spade-shaped insertion of white appears at the back. The waist and general silhouette of the frock is outlined with leaves of silver diamanté. Another frock of black faille is in quite a different style, very slim and tight-fitting, with a sparkling brooch holding captive draperies at one hip, and an arrow piercing the bow at the shoulder.

Black and Pink no divorce in Still in Harmony. the happy alliance of black and pink for the evening, as these two colours are becoming to everyone. One charming dance frock at Harvey Nichols' is of finely tucked black chiffon over pale pink, and a long robe de style, reaching to the ankles, is expressed in black taffeta with insertions of black lace, revealing tucked pink chiffon beneath. Sequin embroideries have had their day, and diamanté is practically the only decoration on the newest frocks. It is used in a variety of ways, however. One very smart creation is a jumper suit of black satin with the plain skirt pleated and the jumper embroidered in intricate geometric designs worked in diamanté; while Patou has studded a black georgette frock with "nail heads" of diamanté punched right through the material.

New Hats for the Autumn.

It seems that felt can never be dislodged from our affections, but for the autumn velvet and velour, if not exactly usurpers, are at least partners in sharing fashion's laurels. This year there are many attractive alliances of felt and velvet, used in both simple and elaborate hats. Two models typical of the elasticity of the new modes are

pictured at the top of this page. They were sketched at Henry Heath's, 105, Oxford Street, W. At the back is a neat green velour with a painted band round the crown. On the right is a more elaborate hat for an older woman expressed in velvet and felt. Another attractive model to be seen in these salons is a red velour stamped with striking black decorations on the crown, and there are innumerable soft-tissue velours in every colour of the rainbow. By the way, this firm's famous sports felts, unspottable and uncrushable, are obtainable here from 30s. upwards in new shapes and colours.

Erasmic Lavender Water. An old-world fragrance which has never lost its power to please the fastidious woman—even the most critical of modern beauty-seekers—is the Erasmic Old London Lavender Water, which is aptly christened "the perfume of great memories." Beauties of several

WHEN AUTUMN COMES, THE WINTER FASHIONS ARE NOT FAR BEHIND, AND ALREADY FROCKS AND HATS ANTICIPATE THE FUTURE MODES OF DAY AND NIGHT.

centuries are brought back to life by its scent, and the youngest sports girl of to-day finds it refreshing as well as seductive. There is, in addition to the lavender water, toilet soap, cold cream, and bath salts, so that the entire requisites of the toilet can be had in the same delightful series. A special sample box complete with all these will be sent on request to all readers who apply to the Erasmic Company, Ltd., Warrington, enclosing 1s. in stamps and mentioning the name of this paper.



The beauty of centuries ago and of to-day are alike in their appreciation of the fine perfume of Erasmic Old London Lavender, which never loses its charm nor its freshness.



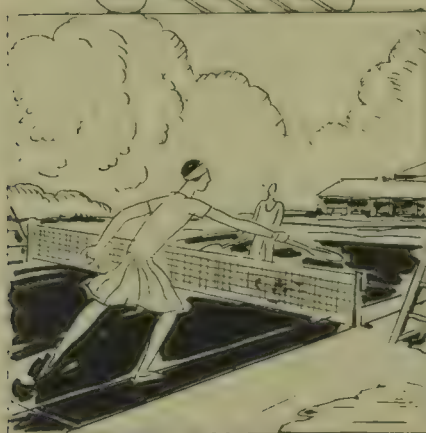
These pretty "undies" are remarkably practical and inexpensive, for they are made of Xantha, a knitted artificial silk fabric which does not ladder and wears splendidly.

Xantha for Pretty Undies.

During the holidays, every woman finds leisure in which to make herself pretty things, especially undies. Xantha is an ideal material for this purpose—supple, easy to work, and economical to buy. It is a knitted artificial silk fabric, with a self stripe and lines of mock hem-stitching. Not only is it ladder-proof, but it will wash and wear indefinitely. Every lovely colour is available in light and dark shades, and Xantha can be obtained at all the leading outfitters, price 6s. 11d. per yard, 48-49 inches wide. Delightful ready-to-wear lingerie of this material is also available at very inexpensive prices. If any difficulty be experienced, application should be made to Courtaulds, 16, St. Martins-le-Grand, E.C.

Clothes for Holidays and School.

Schoolgirls always seem to need a multitude of clothes on holidays, but buying them now has one advantage—they will help towards her next term's outfit. At Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., thick blue stockinette knickers can be secured for 5/9 in all sizes, and knicker-linings are only 2/9. Then pure wool combinations with short sleeves are obtainable for 10/9, and striped cotton and wool mixture pyjamas are 9/11 a pair. For cool days by the sea and in the autumn term, nothing could be better than warm woollen Eton jumpers, obtainable for 14/9; and cardigans of a similar kind are 10/9.



*A fitting end to the joys of the day—
or forgetfulness of its cares.*

WHEN the day's game is over—the day's share in the battle of business done—then let the magic powers of music minister just what is most needful—solace, grandeur, inspiration or joyousness—round off the day in a finale fitting with its joys or cares.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE 12-14-H.P. MINERVA "SIX."

IT must be well over twenty years since we first knew of the sleeve-valved engine designed by Knight, and were told that it, like so many other wonders of that time and since, was going to revolu-



THE CAR USED BY THE KING OF EGYPT WHILE IN LONDON: A 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE NEW PHANTOM LIMOUSINE AT THE EGYPTIAN LEGATION AT BUTE HOUSE.

King Fuad used this Rolls-Royce car during his recent visit to London. He also keeps a Rolls-Royce New Phantom for use on important occasions in Cairo.

tionise motoring. Since those pioneer days its career has been extraordinarily interesting. It did not revolutionise anything, but a number of extremely well-known firms adopted it, including Mercedes and Daimler and Minerva. Some, notably Mercedes, abandoned it after extensive trial; others after a very brief experience; while a further detachment explored the field of the single-sleeve type. Alone of the original believers, Daimler and Minerva stuck to their

guns. Since their early days big firms have used it, like Panhard, Mors, and newer ones, like Voisin; but I think Minerva is one of the two remaining really faithful followers of Mr. Knight.

It was with a good deal of interest, therefore, that I took over the latest type of sleeve-valved Minerva for trial and report. A design which has been tried and abandoned by some really important car-manufacturers, and retained by three or four others, among the oldest firms in the industry, must have definite qualities to justify it.

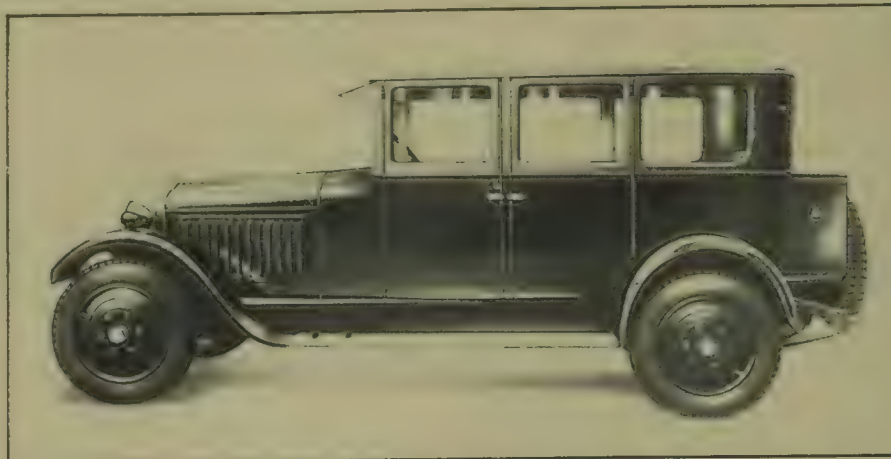
The new Minerva is of the six-cylinder, two-litre variety, the type which seems likely in the near future to rival our good and faithful friend the 11.9 four-cylinder in popularity. The bore and stroke of the engine are 68 by 92 mm., which imply a tax-rating of £18. There is not much to distinguish this very cleanly turned-out power plant from others of its class. It is a model of accessibility and neatness, and the general finish is quite first-class. In fact, it looks much more like the engine of a car costing £1000 than of one costing less than half that. Sleeve-valved engines certainly lend themselves to exterior neatness, but the Minerva unit is as high in its class in this respect as any I know.

The crank-shaft has seven bearings, and in most other directions there is plenty of evidence that pains have been taken to turn out a really high-grade car. There are no signs of undue economy throughout the chassis. As is the case in many of the leading Continental productions to-day, magneto ignition has been replaced by coil and battery. It is early yet to discuss the wisdom of this change, as in this country we have little experience of it to compare with that of our foreign rivals, but it is certain that in one or two well-known cars the system is remarkably successful. To my mind, its main attraction lies in the wide range

of spark-advance available with it; but I believe that under certain conditions the efficiency of the spark at highest engine-revolutions is not as great as that produced by the magneto. However that may be—and it may or may not be true—hand-controlled coil and battery ignition gives you a greater degree of flexibility in the average engine.

The Minerva has an automatic advance and retard, which I consider a pity. This system is better than the now mercifully nearly defunct fixed point, but it is not nearly so satisfactory in the hands of a driver of experience. The distributor is very accessibly placed, above the cylinder-head, and tracing defects of any kind should be a quick and easy job. To many people who are fairly new to owner-driving this automatic arrangement will probably appeal. As they gain experience and knowledge it should be an easy matter to provide hand-control.

The three-speed gear-box is centrally controlled, as is now the almost universal practice beyond the Channel. The gearing is decidedly low, top speed having a ratio of 5½ to 1; second, 10 to 1 (the ratio of most four-speed seconds); and bottom, 18.26 to 1. The brakes consist of a single four-wheel set, operated



OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": THE 12-14-H.P. MODEL MINERVA SALOON.

by pedal and the usual lever. I do not care for this plan in principle, but I am bound to admit that there are no criticisms to be brought against the efficiency of the brakes themselves. They are worked through

[Continued overleaf.]

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"Why does Mansion Polish make it so easy to polish the Furniture and Floors?"

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Notice the extra room given for alighting.

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Their operation is instantaneous and effortless and, in addition to permitting unhampered exit and entrance, they allow you to adjust your driving position without leaving your seat; you can reverse the seats for *al fresco* meals to be taken in the car *vis-à-vis*; the seats may be removed in five seconds, giving you comfortable seating for picnics. In short, LEVEROLLS make a seat do everything it should do; AND THERE ARE NO SUBSTITUTES.

Price per set

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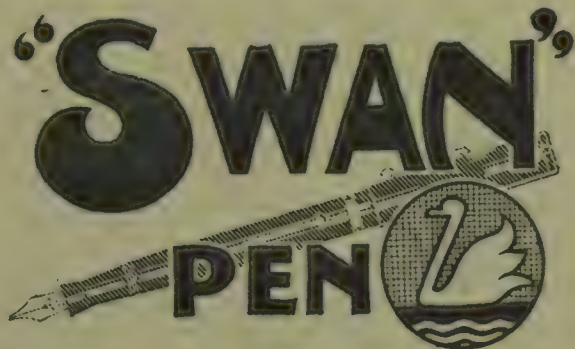
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*makes you known as a
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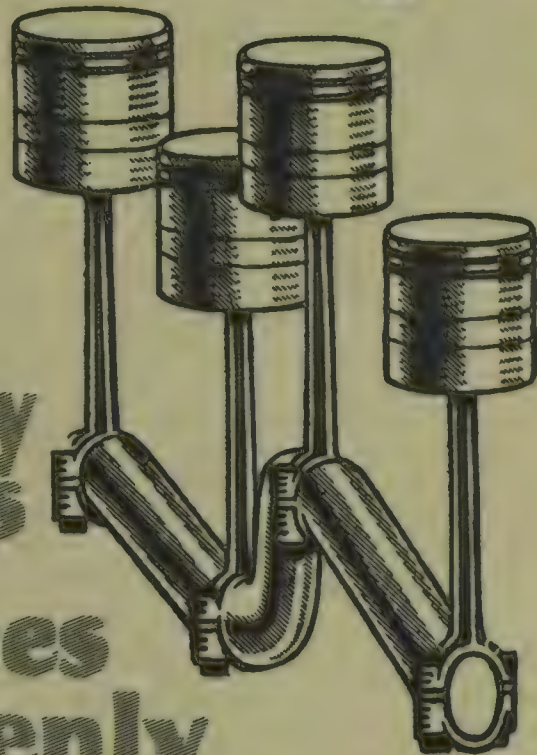
OF STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

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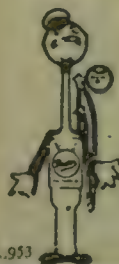


WHEN the power output of all four cylinders is equal, you get much smoother running, more power, and most economical consumption.

A dry petrol gas charges the cylinders more quickly, and therefore maintains even distribution of gas in all cylinders. This gives even running at all engine speeds.

Pratts Spirit yields a uniform dry gas and more gas per gallon—because Pratts Perfection Spirit vaporises perfectly; there is no heavy end to foul the engine and gum up the valves.

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World's richest oilfields

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Continued. the Dewandre vacuum system, and I found them remarkably powerful and sweet in action. Very little effort is needed to bring the car to a stop on really steep gradients, and the pull is even and progressive throughout. I put them very high in my list of really good brakes.

I think it is a mistake to control the same set of brakes by two separate means, as it nearly always means that the hand-lever is nothing much more than a brake lock—a convenience for holding the car at rest. The Minerva would be much improved by the addition of a second pair of brakes, either fore or aft, controlled by the lever.

On the road the Minerva impressed me chiefly with its pleasant ways at about thirty-five miles an hour. It will do more, of course, something like fifty-five being achievable in ordinary circumstances with a fabric saloon body, but it shows itself at its best at a little below forty. It will keep up this speed with remarkable steadiness, and at the cost of very little effort on the driver's part. It is flexible and the acceleration is well up to the required standard. With that low top-speed gear-ratio it shows no reluctance to traffic crawling, and it will pick up briskly from that crawl and get going well in a very short space of time.

The engine runs quietly up to about forty or forty-five miles an hour. After that there is a certain amount of noise noticeable, but not of an unpleasant character. I noticed a slight vibration period at about forty-five. I should not consider the Minerva particularly powerful, but for a really comfortable, unusually roomy travelling carriage there is all the power you need. My one-in-six test hill brought us down to bottom speed and a minimum of ten miles an hour; but I daresay that with an open body the climb might be accomplished on second. The springing is unusually good. Half-elliptics are used back and front, supplemented by shock-absorbers, and the combination is most successful. The Minerva is certainly one of the most comfortably-riding cars I know.

The fabric saloon body fitted to the chassis I tried is remarkable for its roominess and general comfort. It is the sort of saloon you would expect to find on a 20-h.p. chassis. The price is £490 complete, and of the chassis £400. The four-door, coach-built

saloon costs £560, the five-seated touring car £490, and the English-built two-three-seater coupé £615.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

CHESS.

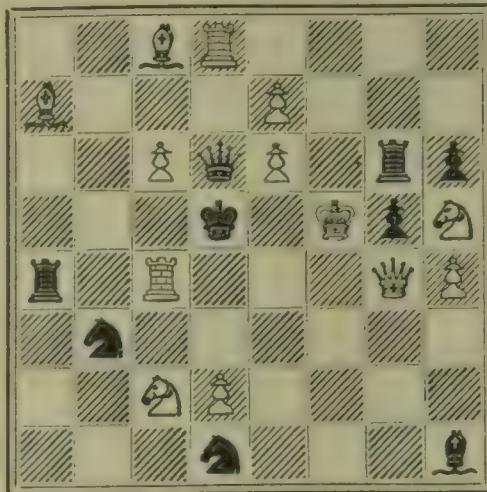
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J M K LUPTON (Richmond).—Will you kindly look at No. 5 of your last batch of two-movers, and consider the effect of 1. Kt takes Q (ch). We could not see any means of easily remedying this.

G PARBURY (Singapore).—We sincerely trust you do not think we made any imputation against your friend; as we suggested, we have found ourselves in exactly the same predicament with compositions of our own. It is not merely, however, that the position you submit is "not unlike" the other; but, except for the substitution of a B for a Kt, it is identical in idea, construction, and solution with the one published so long ago as 1870. It is an old complaint that our grandfathers stole all our good things.

A NEWMAN (Finchley).—You seem to have put your problem right at last. Whether or not our solvers will think it worth the trouble you have taken over it remains to be seen.

PROBLEM No. 4008.—By J. M. K. LUPTON.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4006.—By E. BOSWELL.

WHITE
1. R to R 4th
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK
Anything.

Although of slighter texture than usual in two-movers, this problem is not altogether without point. The key move is not readily apparent, and the openness and freedom of the position give merit to the neatness of the mates.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4004 received from Maxwell G Long (Pernambuco), J W Smedley (Brooklyn, N.Y.), and Victor Holtan (Oshkosh, Wis.); of No. 4005 from V G Walrond (Hastings), J E Houseman (Chicoutimi), H Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), and Victor Holtan (Oshkosh, Wis.); of No. 4006 from J M K Lupton (Richmond), J Hunter (Leicester), J P S (Cricklewood), L W Caffera (Farndon), V G Walrond (Hastings), M S Maughan (Barn-ton-on-Sea), S Caldwell (Hove), J T Bridge (Colchester), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), H Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), C B S (Canterbury), H W Satow (Bangor), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park); and of No. 4007 from L W Caffera (Farndon), S Caldwell (Hove), J M K Lupton (Richmond), J P S (Cricklewood), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), J Hunter (Leicester), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and C B S (Canterbury).

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played in the International Team Tournament of the British Chess Federation, at the Central Hall, Westminster, between Messrs. H. WEENINK (Holland) and H. KNOCH (Austria).

(Three Knights' Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	opportunity of so Castling. The	move adopted simply invites
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	disaster.	
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	12. B takes B	K takes B
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	13. P to B 4th	
5. Kt takes P	B to Kt 2nd		
6. B to K 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd		
7. Q to Q 2nd			

The game here leaves the beaten track, but its progress does not amend the unfavourable opinion modern analysis has expressed for Black's defence.

7. Castles P to K R 3rd

Castles Queen's Rook is no uncommon feature on both sides in this opening. Here it is distinctly to White's advantage.

8. P to Q 3rd B to Q 2nd
9. B to K 2nd B to Q 2nd
10. P to K R 3rd Kt takes Kt
11. B takes Kt Castles.

Now it is absolutely necessary for Black to seek the earliest

White proceeds to storm the position in masterly fashion. The march of his Pawns to victory is admirably controlled.

13. B to B 3rd

14. P to K Kt 4th Kt to Kt sq

15. P to K R 4th Q to K 2nd

16. P to Kt 5th P to B 4th

17. Q to Q 4th (ch) K to R 2nd

18. P to R 5th B P takes P

19. P takes P (ch) K takes P

20. P to B 5th (ch) R takes P

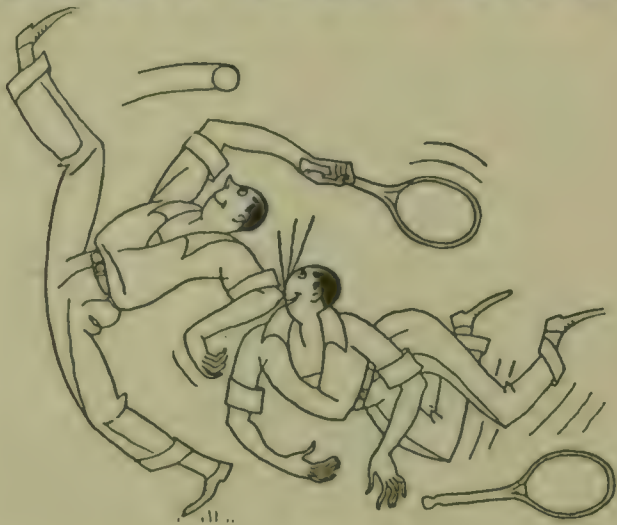
21. B to R 5th (ch) K takes P

22. Q R to Kt sq (ch) and mates next move.

White, who is a famous problem composer, is to be highly complimented on his fine conduct of this game.

The International Chess Congress, held at the Central Hall, Westminster, proved from every point of view highly successful, and fully warranted the hope that a substantial foundation had been established for a continuance of this new development of competitive play. Its value in stimulating an increased national interest and efficiency in the game cannot be exaggerated, and with the larger number of players brought into touch with each other than is possible in tournaments for individuals, a much broader basis is afforded for the emergence of latent powers which might otherwise have no chance of revealing themselves. The result of the meeting was that Hungary took the first place, Denmark the second, and England the third—the surprise being the prominent position of the Danish team. One of its members, however, Dr. Norman Hansen, shared with Sir G. Thomas the honour of the highest individual score, the latter having an unbeaten record. In the Premier Tournament Messrs. J. A. Drewitt and W. Winter tied for first place; while Miss Vera Menchik carried off the Woman's Championship of the World, with a score of 104 points out of a possible 111.

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ANZORA 'CREAM for greasy scalps will not soil hat linings or pillows, and ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps, containing a little oil of violets, are sold in 1/6 and 1/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES. Manufactured by Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6.

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10 for 8^d

20 for 1^{/4}

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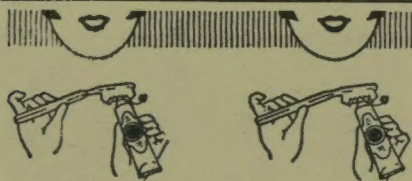
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Eyes Right

and a hearty appetite left for the most delicious sweet of all — Foster Clark's Cream Custard! Served by itself or with puddings, tarts or fruit, its rich delicious flavour can be counted on every time. Try some at once. The family will like it.

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ENGLISH FURNITURE AND WOODWORK.

CONNOISSEURS of furniture will be interested in a beautifully illustrated publication recently issued by the Victoria and Albert Museum (Department of Woodwork), entitled "Catalogue of English Furniture and Woodwork." Vol. III.: Late Stuart to Queen Anne. By Oliver Brackett. (Printed under the authority of the Board of Education.) The price is, in paper cover, 2s. 6d. (by post, 2s. 10½d.); bound in cloth, 4s. 6d. (by post, 5s.). The first two volumes of this attractive Catalogue dealt respectively with (I.) The Gothic and Early Tudor period, and (II.) Late Tudor and Early Stuart (1558-1660). Vol. IV. will cover the Georgian period (1714-1830).

The present volume contains fifty-six plates admirably reproduced, and each of them fully described in the preceding letterpress. There is also a bibliography of works of reference and a list of donors who presented the various articles to the Museum. In a brief general introduction, Mr. Brackett writes: "The revolution in the life and habits of the English people after the Restoration . . . was reflected in contemporary architecture, decoration, and furniture. . . . From the time of Charles II., civilised life, becoming more complex, demanded a greater variety of types and more refinement. . . . Woodcarving was lifted to a much higher artistic plane."

Major H. S. Browning is one of the best-known writers on bridge, and his weekly articles are a popular feature of our sister-paper, the *Sketch*. The many admirers of "Browning on Bridge" will be glad to know that many of these articles have been republished in book form under the title of "Auction Bridge Hands, Double Dummy and Declaring

Problems" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). This volume is an excellent holiday companion, as the problems and principles with which it deals are set out clearly and in a bright, racy style, and are guaranteed to improve the game of practically every bridge-player. All the hands discussed are genuine bridge hands which were dealt in the ordinary course of play. The calling and play are analysed with expert skill.

We regret to find that an incorrect statement appeared in our issue of May 14 last, under a portrait of Sir James C. Maxwell, K.B.E., who was there described as having been appointed "Governor of Northern Nigera." In reality, his appointment was to the Governorship of Northern Rhodesia. There is, in fact, no Governor of "Northern Nigeria," for the Northern and Southern Nigerias were amalgamated into Nigeria on Jan. 1, 1914.

Every Londoner must be interested in the preservation of his city's amenities and of the green open spaces that make both for beauty and health. Therefore every Londoner should make haste to obtain a copy of "London's Squares, and How to Save Them," an illustrated brochure issued by the London Society, 27, Abingdon Street, S.W.1, at the price of one shilling. It records the combined efforts of various societies and institutions to prevent such "lungs" of London as the Foundling site, with Brunswick and Mecklenburgh Squares adjoining, from going the same way as Mornington Crescent and Endsleigh Gardens—to mention only two instances—and becoming a prey to the builder. The object of the booklet is to inform and stimulate public opinion on this important subject. Apart from its value as propaganda, it is well worth its modest price for the interesting historical and topographical matter it contains, and for the excellent illustrations, including many old prints, as well as several fine modern photographs.

THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE MAN WHO WAS BORN AGAIN. By PAUL BUSSON. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

"The Man Who was Born Again" is announced as a tremendous novel that has profoundly moved the German people. These are weighty words—unless the German people is more easily stirred to the depths than we are. It can be said at once that by English standards "The Man Who was Born Again" is a good novel, a strong novel, containing vigorous passages descriptive of eighteenth-century life and its brutalities, and informed with a lively imagination. But other tales of reincarnation have gone before it. The action runs through the two lives of Melchior von Drontë. There are glimpses of earlier existences. As Drontë he is a dispossessed Baron who ends on the guillotine of the Terror; as Sennon Vorauf he is a private soldier in the late war. A mystical figure, the Man from the East, appears and reappears with a significance easy to understand. The story is carried through consistently, though Sennon Vorauf's part of it is thin. Germany has sent us greater modern novels—"Jörn Uhl," for instance, and "Jew Süss" in the last twelvemonth. The translation is very good.

HULA: A ROMANCE OF HAWAII. By ARMINE VON TEMPSKI. (Murray; 7s. 6d.)

"Hula" is keyed to the intoxication of Hawaiian sun and sea breezes. There were more disastrous intoxications that affected the Calhoun plantation; drink and racehorses had played the devil with Hula's family before she appeared upon the scene. It is always worth while to read a book that sets forth the tropics in their glory; and Armine von Tempski writes about Hawaii as one who loves it. "Hula" is a feast of colour as well as a romance of strong dramatic interest.

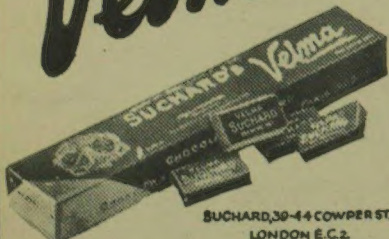
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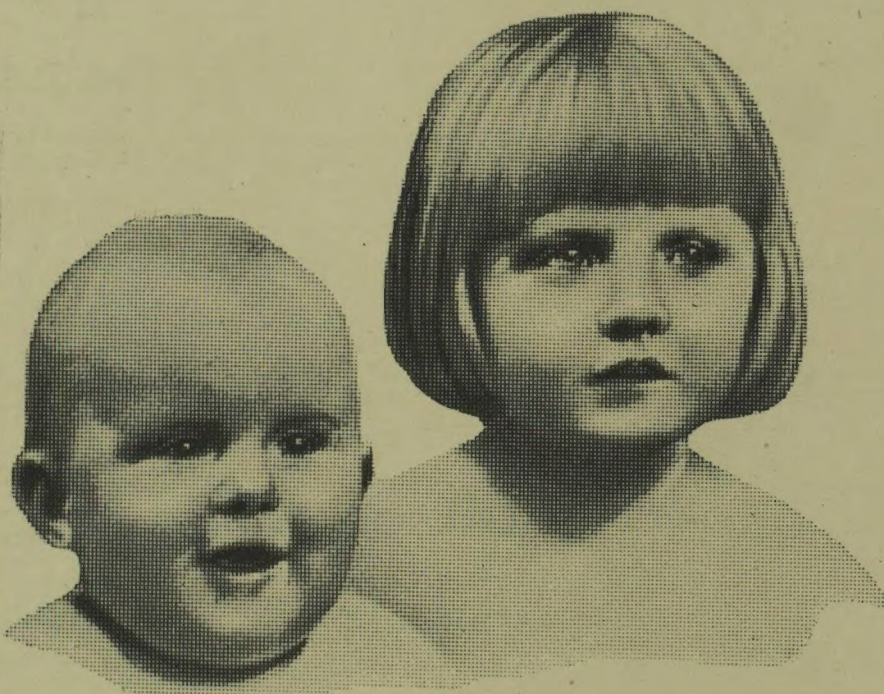
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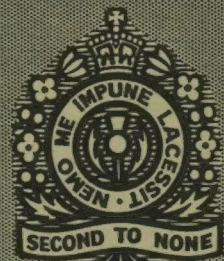


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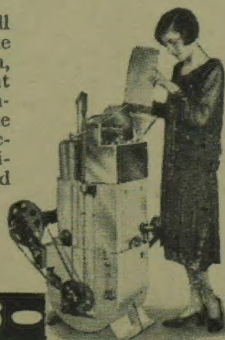
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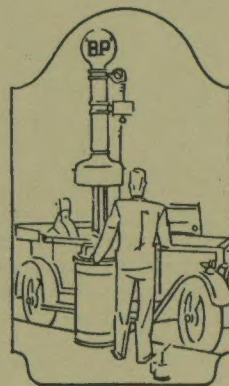


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